

THE
SHOO-
MAKERS
HOLY-DAY.

OR
The Gentle Craft.

With the humorous life
of *Simon Eyre*, shoemaker,
and *Lord Mayor* of
London.

As it was acted before the Queenes
most exc. llent Maiestie on New-yeares
day at night, by the right Honoura-
ble Earle of Nottingham, Lord
high Admirall of England,
his Seruants.

AT LONDON,
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To all good Fellowes, Professors of
the Gentle Craft: of what degree
soever.

KInde Gentlemen, and honest bonne Companions, I present you heere with a merry conceited Comedie, called, *The Shoemakers Holiday*, acted by my Lord Admirals Players at a Christmasse time, before the Queenes most excellent Maiesty. For the mirth and pleasant matter, by her Highnesse graciously accepted, being indeede no way offensive. The Argument of the Play I will set down in this Epistle: Sir *Hugh Lacy* Earle of *Lincolne*, had a young Gentleman of his owne name his neere Kinsman, that loued the Lord Mayors daughter of London; to preuent and crosse which loue, the Earle caused his Kinsman to bee sent Coronel of a Company into France: who resigned his place to another Gentleman his friend, and came disguised like a Dutch Shoemaker, to the house of *Simon Eyre* in Tower street, who serued the Mayor and his Houshold with shooes. The meriments that passed in *Eyres* house, his comming to be Mayor of *London*, *Lacie's* getting his loue, and other accidents, with two Merry Threemens Songs. Take all in good worth that is well intended, for nothing is purposed but mirth, mirth lengtheneth long life, which, with all other blessings, I heartily wish you.

Farewell.



*The first Three-mans
Song.*

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolicke, so gay, and so greene, so greene, so greene:
O and then did I, vnto my true loue say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Sommers Queene.

Now the Nightingale, the pretty Nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the Forrest Quiet:
Intreats thee sweet Peggy to heare thy true-loues tale,
Loo ponder she sitteth her breast against a brier.

But O I spyre the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo,
See where she sitteth, come away my ioy:
Come away I praythee, I doe not like the Cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggy and I liue and toy.

O the Month of May, the merry Month of May,
So frolicke, so gay, so greene, so greene, so greene,
And then did I vnto my true loue say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summers Queene.





The Second Three-mans Song.

This is to be sung at the latter end.

Cold's the winde, and wet's the raine,
Saint Hugh be our good speed :
All is the weather that bringeth no gaine,
For helpes good hearts in need,

Trowle the bowle the tolly Put-bowle bowle,
and heere kind mate to thee :
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's Soule,
and downe it merily.

Downe a downe, hey downe a downe,
hey dery, dery, downe, a downe, Close with the Tenor boy.
Hoe well done, to me let come,
ring compasse gentle ioy.

Trowle the bowle, the Put-bowle bowle,
and heere kind, &c. as often as there be men to drinke.
At last, when all haue drunke, this verse,

Cold's the winde, and wet's the raine
Saint Hugh be our good speed :
All is the weather that bringeth no gaine,
For helpes good hearts in need.





The Prologue, as it was pronounced
before the Queenes Maiestie.

AS wretches in a Storme (expecting day)
With trembling hands and eyes cast vp to heauen,
Make Prayers the Anchor of their conquered hopes,
So we (deere Goddesse, wonder of all eyes)
Your meanest vassalls (through mistrust and feare,
To sinke into the bottome of disgrace
By our imperfect pastimes) prostrate thus
On bended knees, our sailes of hope doe strike,
Dreading the bitter Stormes of your dislike.
Since then (vnhappy men) our hap is such,
That to our selues our selues no helpe can bring,
But needs must perish if your Saint-like eares
(Locking the Temple where all mercy sits)
Refuse the tribute of our begging tongues.
O grant (bright mirror of true Chastity)
From those life-breathing starres your sun-like eyes,
One gracious smile: for your celestiall breath
Must send vs life, or sentence vs to death.





A pleasant Comedie of the Gentle Craft.

Enter Lord Mayor, Lincolne.

Lincolne.

MY Lord Mayor, you haue sundry times,
Feasted my selfe, and many Courtiers moze,
Seldome or neuer can we be so kinde,
To make requitall of your courtesie:

But leauing this I heare my Cousin Lacy,
Is much affected to your daughter Rose.

L. Major. True my good Lord, and shee loues him so well,
That I mislike her boldnesse in the chace.

Lin. Why my Lord Maior, thinke you it then a shame,
To ioyne a Lacy with an Oileys name?

L. Mayor. Too meane is my pooze girle for his high birth,
Pooze Cittizens must not with Courtiers wed,
Who will in silkes, and gay apparell spend
Moze in one yeare, then I am worth by farre,
Therefore your honour need not doubt my girle,

Lincolne. Take heed my Lord, aduise you what you doe,
A verier birthright liues not in the world,
Then is my Cosen, for Ile tell you what.
His now almost a yeare since he requested.
To trauell Countries for experience,
I furnisht him with coyne, billes of exchange,
Letters of credit, men to waight on him,
Solicited my friends in Italie
Well to respect him: but to see the end:
Scant had he iourneyed throught halfe Germany,

But

A Pleasant Comedie of

But all his coyns was spent, his men cast off,
His billes imbezeld, and my iolly Coze
Asham'd to shew his bankrupt presence heere,
Became a Schoomaker in Wittenberge,
A goodly Science for a Gentleman
Of such descent : now iudge the rest by this.
Suppose your Daughter haue a thousand pound,
He did consume moze in one halfe yeare,
And make him heere to all the wealth you haue,
One twelue months ryoting will wast it all,
Then seeke my Lord some honest Cittizen
To wed your Daughter to.

Lord Maior. I thanke your Lordship,
Well Fere, I vnderstand your subtilty,
As for your Nephew, let your Lordships eye
Ent watch his actions, and you need not feare,
For I haue sent my Daughter farre enough;
And yet your Cosen Rowland might doe well,
Now he hath learn'd an Occupation,
And yet I scoone to call him son in Law.

Lincolne. I but I haue a better trade for him,
I thanke his Grace he hath appointed him,
Chiefe Colonell of all those Companies
Mustred in London, and the shires about,
To serue his Highnesse in those warres of France:
So where he comes : Louell what newes with you?

Enter Louell, Lacy and Akeu.

Louell. My Lord of Lincolne, tis his Highnesse will,
That presently your Cosen ship for France
With all his powers, he would not for a millow,
But they should land at Daepe within foure dayes.

Linc. So certesse his Grace it shall be done.
Now Cosen Lacy in what for wardnesse
Are all your Companies?

Lacy. All well prepar'd,
The men of Hartfordshire are at mile end,
Suffolke and Essex, traine in Tuttle Fields,
The Londoners, and those of Middlesexe,

the Gentle Craft.

All gallantly prepar'd in Finsbury,
With frolike spirits long for their parting hoſter.

L. Ma. They haue their imprefſt, coats and furnitures,
And if it pleaſe your Coſen Lacy come,
To the Guild Hall, he ſhall receiue his pay,
And twenty pounds beſides my Brethren
Will freely giue him to approue our loues
We beare vnto my Lord your Vnckle heere.

Lacy. I thanke your Honour.

Lincolne. Thanks my good Lord Mayor.

L. Ma. At the Guild Hall we will expect your coming. *Exit.*

Lin. To approue your loues to me? No ſubtilty
Nephew: that twenty pound he doth beſtow,
For to rid you from his daughter Roſe:
But Coſens both, now heere are none but friends,
I would not haue you caſt an amorous eye
Vpon ſo meane a poſſet as the loue
Of a gay wanton painted Cittizen,
I know this Churle euen in the height of ſcorne,
Doth hate the mixture of his blood with thine,
I pray thee doe thou ſo remember Coze,
What honourable fortunes waight on thee,
Increase the Kings loue which ſo brightly ſhines,
And gilds thy hopes, I haue no heye but thee:
And yet not thee, if with a wayward ſpirit
Thou ſtart from the true bias of my loue.

Lacy. My Lord I will, for honour, not deſire,
Of lands or liuings, (or to be your heye)
So guide my actions in purſuit of France,
As ſhall adde glozie to the Lacies name.

Lin. Coze, for thoſe words here's thirty Portugues,
And Nephew Askew, there's a ſew for you,
Faire honour in her loftieſt eminence,
Stayes in France for you till you fetch her thence,
Then Nephew clap ſwift wings on your deſignes,
Be gone, be gone, make haſt to the Guild hall,
There preſently I'll meet you, doe not ſtay,
Where honour becomes, ſhame attends delay.

Exit.

Ask.

A pleasant Comedy of

Ask. How gladly would your Uncle haue you gone :
 Lacy. True Coze, but Ile not reach his pollicies,
 I haue some serious businesse for those daies,
 Which nothing but my presence can dispatch,
 You therefore Cosen with the Companies
 Shall haue to Doner, there Ile meet with you,
 Or if I stay past my prefired time,
 Away for France, wile meet in Poymandy,
 The twenty pounds my Lord Maior giues to me,
 You shall receiue and these ten Portugues,
 Part of mine Uncles thirty, gentle Coze,
 Haue care to our great charge, I know your wisdome,
 Hath tride it selfe in higher consequence.

Ask Coze. all my selfe am yours, yet haue this care,
 To lodge in London with all secrecie,
 Our uncle Lincolne hath (besides his owne)
 Many a iealous eye, that in your face
 Stares only to watch meanes for your disgrace.

Enter Sy. Eyre, his wife, Hodge, Firke, Iane and Rafe with a peece.

Eyre. Leane whining, leane whining, away with this
 whimpyng, this puling, these blubbering teares, and these wet
 eyes, Ile get thy husband discharged I warrant thee swete
 Iane: go too.

Hodge. Maister heere be the Captaines.

Eyre. Peace! Hodge, hush! you knowe, hush!

Firke. Heere be the Cavaliers and the Colonels, maister.

Eyre. Peace Firke, peace my fine Firke, stand by with your
 pishery pishery. away, I am a man of the best presence, Ile
 speake to them and they were Popes: Gentlemen, Captaines,
 Colonels, Commanders, braue men, braue leaders, may it
 please you to giue me audience, I am Simon Eyre the mad
 Shomaker of Tower-Strat, this wench with the mealy
 mouth is my wife I can tell you; Heeres Hodge my man,
 and my soxe-man: heeres Firke my fine firking tourneyman,
 and this his blubbered Iane, all we come to be Suters for this
 honest Rafe, keepe him at home. and as I am a true Shoma-
 ker, and a Gentleman of the Gentle Craft, buy spurres your
 selfe, and Ile find you boots these seauen yeares.

Wife

the Gentle Craft.

Wife. Whennen peares husband?

Eyre. Peace Widdiffe peace, I know what I doe, peace.

Firke. Truly maister Cozmozant, you shall doe God good service to let Rafe and his wife stay together, she's a young new married woman, if you take her husband away from her a night, you vndoe her, she may begge in the day time, for he's as good a workeman at a pycke and an awle, as any is in our Trade.

Jane. O let him stay, else I shall be vndone.

Firke. I truly, she shall be laid at one side like a paire of old shoes else, and be occupied for no use.

Lacy. Truly my friends it lies not in my power, The Londoners are prest, paid and set forth By the Lord Maior, I cannot change a man.

Hodge. Why then you were as good be a Corporall as a Colonel, if you cannot discharge one good fellow, and I tell you true I thinke you doe more then you can answer, to presse a man within a yeare and a day of his marriage.

Eyre. Well said melancholly Hodge, grammarly my fine foreman.

Wife. Truly Gentlemen it were ill done for such as you to stand so stiffly against a poore young wife, considering her case, she is new married but let that passe: I pray deale not roughly with her, her husband is a young man and but newly entred, but let that passe.

Eyre. Away with your pishery pashery, your pols and your edipols, peace Widdasse, silence Cissy Bumtricket, let your head speake.

Firke. Pea and the hornes too, master.

Eyre. Too soone, my fine Firke too soone: peace scoundzels, see you this man? Captaines you will not release him, well let him goe he is a proper shot, let him vanish, peace Iane, by his teares, theyle make his ponder dunnish, take him byane men, He shot of Troy was an Hackney to him, Hercules and Termagant scoundzels, Prince Arthurs round Table, by the Lord of Ludgate, were fed such a tall, such a dapper swardman by the life of Pharoah, a byane resolute swardman, peace Iane I say no more, mad knaves.

A pleasant Comedy of

Ficke. *Hee* sic Hodge, *heto* my maister ranes in commendati-
ons of Rafe.

Hodge. Rafe th'art a Gull by this hand and thou goest.

Ask. I am glad (god maister Eyre) it is my hap
To meet so resolute a souldier :

Trust me, for your report and loue to him,
A common sight regard shall not respect him.

Lacy. Is thy name Rafe?

Rafe. Yes sir.

Lacy. Give me thy hand,
Thou shalt not want as I am a Gentleman.
Woman be patient, God (no doubt) will send
Thy husband safe againe, but he must goe,
His Countries quarrell sayes it must be so.

Hodge. Th'art a gull by my stirrapp, if thou dost not goe, I
will not haue thee strike thy gimlet into these weak vassells,
picke thine enemies Raph. *Enter Dodger.*

Dodger. My Lord your Uncle on the Tower Hill,
Stayes with the Lord Maior and the Aldermen,
And doth request you with all speed you may
To hasten thither. *Exit Dodger.*

Askew. Cosen, come let vs goe.

Lacy. Dodger, runne you before, tell them we come,
This Dodger is mine Unkles Parasite,
The arrant st barlet that ere breath'd on earth,
He sets moze disoord of a noble house,
By one dayes broching in his pickthanke tales,
Then can be salu'd againe in twenty yeares,
And he I feare shall goe with vs to France,
To picke into our actions.

Askew. Therefore Coze,
It shall behoue you to be circumspect.

Lacy. Feare not good Cozen. Raph, hie to your Colours.

Raph. I must because there is no remedie,
But gentle maister and my louing dame,
As you haue alwayes beene a friend to me,
So in my absence thinke vpon my wife.

Iane. Alasse my Raph,

Wife.

the Gentle Craft.

Wife. She cannot speake for weeping.

Eyre. Peace you crackt groats, you musterd tokens disquiet
not the bjaue soldier, go thy wayes Raph.

Iane. I, I, you bid him go, what shall I doe when he is gon?
Fir. Why be doing with me or my fellow Hodge, be not idle.

Eyre. Let me see thy hand Iane, this fine hand, this white
hand, these pretty fingers must spin, must card, must worke,
wozke you bumbast cotten candle-Ducane, wozke for your li-
uing with a pore to you, hold thee Raph here's six pences
for thee; fight for the honour of the Gentle Craft, for the
Gentlemen Shomakers, the couragious Cordwainers, the
flower of S. Martins, the mad knaues of Bedlem, Flattstreet,
Tower street and White-Chappell, crack me the crownes of
the French knaues, a pore on them, cracke them, fight by the
Lord of Ludgate, fight my fine boy.

Firke. Here Raph, here's two twopences, to carry into
France, the third shall wash our soules at parting, (for so row
is bye) for my sake firke the Basa mon cues.

Hodge. Raph, I am heavy at parting, but heeres a shilling
for thee, God send thee to cram thy slops with French crownes,
and thy enemies bellies with bullets.

Raph. I thanke you maister, and I thanke you all:

How gentle wise, my louing lovely Iane,
Rich men at parting giue their wiues rich gifts,
Iewells and rings to grace their lilly hands,
Thou know'st our trade makes rings for womens hailes:
Here take this paire of shooes cut out by Hodge,
Stitcht by my fellow Firke, seam'd by my selfe,
Spade by and pinckt with letters for thy name,
Wears them my deere Iane, for thy husbands sake,
And euery morning when thou pul'st them on,
Remember me, and pray for my returns,
Spake much of them for I haue made them so.
That I can know them from a thousand mo.

*Sound Drum, Enter L. Maior, Lincolne, Lacy, Aikew, Dodger,
and Soldiers, they passe ouer the Stage, Rafe falls in amongst them,
Firke and the rest cry farewell &c. and so Exit.*

A pleasant Comedy of

Enter Rose alone making a Garland.

Deere sit thou downe vpon this flowry bank,
And make a Garland for thy Lacies head,
These Pinkes, these Roses, and these Violets,
These blushing Gillyflowers, these Marigolds,
The faire embroyderie of his Cozonet,
Carry not halfe such beauty in their cheekes,
As the sweet countenance of my Lacy doeth.
O my most vnkinde father! O my starres!
Why lours't thou so at my faintitie,
To make me loue, yet liue rob'd of my loue?
Hare as a thiefe am I imprisoned
(For my deere Lacie's sake) within those walles,
Which by my fathers cost were builded by
For better purposes: here must I languish
For him that doth as much lament (I know) *Enter Sibill.*
Pine absence, as for him I pine in wooe.

Sib. Good morrow young Mistris, I am sure you make
that Garland for mee, against I shall bee Lady of the
haruest.

Rose. Sibill, what newes at London?

Sib. None but good: my Lord Maloz your father and mas-
ter Philpot your vncle, and master Scot your Cousin, and
Mistris Frigbottome by Doctoz Commons, do all by my troth
send you most hearty commendations.

Rose. Did Lacy send kind grättings to his loue?

Sib. O yes, out of cry by my troth, I scant knew him, here
a woze a scarfe, and here a scarfe, here a bunch of scethers
and here pretious stones and iewells, and a paire of garters:
O monstrous like one of our yelloze like Curtaines, at home
here in Old-sozd house, here in maister Bellymounts cham-
ber, I stood at our doze in Cozne hill, lookt at him, hee at me
indeed, spake to him, but hee to me, not a word, marry giv
thought I with a wanion, he pass by me as proud, marry so,
are you growne humiozous thought I: and so shut the doze
and in I came.

Rose. O Sibill, how dost thou my Lacy wrong?
My Rowland is as gentle as a lambe,

the Gentle Craft.

No Done was ever halfe so mild as he.

Sibil. *Mild? yea as a buthell of stampt crabs, he lookt vpon me as sofwie as beruice: go thy waies thought I thou maist be much in my gaskins, but nothing in my neather Rockes: this is pour fault mistris, to loue him that loues not you. he thinkes skoyne to doe as he's done to, but if I were as you, I de cry, go by Ieronimo, goe by, I de set mine old debts against my new driblets, and the Hares foot against the Goose-giblets, for if euer I sigh when skape I should take, pray God I may lose my mayden head when I wake.*

Rose. Will my loue leaue me then and go to France?

Sibil. I know not that, but I am sure I see him skalk be-
foze the souldiers, by my troth he is a proper man, but, he is
proper that proper doth, let him goe snich by young Mistris.

Rose. Get thee to London, and learne perfectly,
Whether my Lacy go to France or no:

Doe this, and I will giue thee for thy paines,
My Cambricke apzon, and my Romish Gloues,
My Purple Stockings, and a stomacher,
Say, wilt thou do this Sibill, for my sake?

Sib. Will I quoth a? at whose sute? by my troth yes, Ile
go, a cambricke apzon, gloues, and a paire of purple stockings
and a stomacher, Ile sweate in purple mistris for you, its take
any thing that comes a Gods name, O rich, a Cambricke a-
pzon; saith then haue at by tailes all, Ile go Iggy Joggy to
London, and be here in a trice young Mistris.

Rose. Do so good Sibill, meane time wretched I,
Will sit and sigh for his lost company.

Exit.

Enter Rowland Lacy like a Dutch Shooe-maker.

Lacy. How many shapes haue gods and kings deuisee,
Thereby to compasse their desired loues:
It is no shame for Rowland Lacy then,
To cloth his cunning with the Gentle Craft,
That thus disguise, I may unknowne possesse,
The onely happy presence of my Rose:
For her haue I forsake my charge in France,
Inured the Kings displeasure, and stir'd by
Rough hatred in mine vncle Lincolnes breast:

A Pleasant Comedie of

O loue, how powerfull art thou, that canst change
 High birth to barenesse, and a noble mind,
 To the meane semblance of a *Shoemaker* !
 But thus it must be ; for her cruell father,
 Hating the single vnion of our soules,
 Hath secretly conney'd my Rose from London,
 To barre me of her presence, but I trust
 Fortune and this disguise will further me
 Once more to view her beauty, gaine her sight :
 Here in Tower-Street with Eyre the *Shoemaker*,
 Meane I a while to worke, I know the trade,
 I learne it when I was in Wittemberge,
 Then chere thy hoping spirits, be not dismayd,
 Thou canst not want doe Fortune what she can,
 The Gentle Craft is living for a man. *Exit.*

Enter Eyre making himselfe ready.

Eyre. Where be these boyes, these Girles, these drabbes,
 these scoundzels, they wallow in the fat bewis of my bounty,
 and liche vp the crums of my table, yet will not rise to see my
 walkes clesed : come out you powder-baſe queanes, what
 Nan, what Madge Mumble-crust, come out you fat *Spidrisse*-
 ſwag-belly whores, and swaſpe me these kennells, that the
 norſome filth offend not the noses of my neighbours : what
 Firke I say, what Hodge, open my Shop windowes, what
 Firke I say. *Enter Firke.*

Firke. O *Paister*, ist you that speake bandog and Bedlam
 this morning, I was in a dreame, and mused what mad-man
 was got into the street so early, haue you drunke this morning
 that your throat is so clere ?

Eyre. Ah well said Firke, well said Firke, to worke my sine
 knaue, to worke, wash thy face, and thou'lt be more bleſt.

Firke. Let them wash my face that will eat it, god maister
 send for a House-wife if you will haue my face cleauer.

Enter Hodge.

Eyre. Away stouen auant scoundzell, god morrow Hodge,
 god morrow my sine foze-man.

Hodge. O *Paister*, God morrow, p'are an early stirrer,
here's

the Gentle Craft.

here's a faire morning, good morning Firke, I could haue slept this houre, here's a brane day toward.

Eyre. Hast to worke my fine Faze-man, hast to worke.

Firke. Maister, I am dye as dull to heare my fellow Roger talke of faire weather, let vs pray for god leather, and let Clownes and Plow-boges and those that worke in the fields pray for brane dayes, we worke in a dye shoppe, what care I if it raine?

Enter Eyre's Wife.

Eyre. How now dame Margery can you see to rise? rise and goe, call by the dyabs pore maides.

Wife. See to rise? I hope 'tis time enough, tis early enough for any Wloman to bee seene abroad, I marnaille how many wines in Towerstreet are by so soone: Gods wo tis not none heeres a yawling.

Eyre. Peace Margery, peace, where's Cissy Bumerinker your maid? shee has a pryup fault, shee farts in her slepe, call the queane by, if my men want shoothyced, Ile swing her in a stirrop.

Firke. Yet that's but a dye beating, here's still a signe of drought.

Enter Lacy singing.

Lacy. Der was een boze van gelderland, Frolick si byest
He was als dyonke he cold nyet stand, bysolce se byen,
Lay eens de councken dyinck scheue mannekin.

Firke. Maister, for my life ponders a brother of the Gentle Craft, if he beare not Saint Hughe's bones Ile forset my bones, hee's some vplandish workman, hire him god maister, that I may learne some gibble gabble, it will make vs worke the faster.

Eyre. Peace Firke, a hard world let him passe, let him vanish, we haue iourneymen enow, peace my fine Firke.

Wife. Nay nay y'are best follow your mans counsell, you shall see what will come on't. we haue not men enow, but we must entertaine every butterboge; but let that passe.

Hodge. Dame, saye God if my maister follow your counsell hee'll consume little beefe, he shall be glad of men, and hee can catch them.

Firke. I that he shall.

Hodge. Afoze God a proper man, and I warrant a fine worke.

A Pleasant Comedie of

workeman : *Paister* farewell, dame adue, if such a man as he cannot finde woꝝke, Hodge is not for you *Offer to goe.*

Eyre. Stay my fine Hodge.

Firke. Faith and your sojeman gos, dame you must take a iourney to seske a new iourneyman, if Roger remoue, Firke followes, if Saint Hughes bones shall not bee set a woꝝke, I may picke mine stole in the wals, and goe play: fare yee wel master, God buy dame.

Eyre. Carry my fine Hodge, my byrke sojeman, stay Firke, peace pudding bꝛoth, by the Lord of Ludgate I loue my men as my life, peace you gallimaufrey, Hodge, if hee want woꝝke Ile hire him, one of you to him, stay he comes to vs.

Lacy. Goeden dach meester, end v wo oak.

Firke. Hailes if I should speake after him without drinkeing, I should shoak, & yot friend Dake, are you of the gentle craft?

Lacy. Paw, paw, ich beene den skomaker.

Firke. Den skomaker quoth a, and hearke you skomaker, haue you all your tooles, a god rubbing pin, a god stopper, a god dyest, your soure sorts of Aides, and your two balles of ware, your paring knife, your hand and thumbe-leathers, and god Saint Hughe's bones to smoth by your woꝝke.

Lacy. Paw, paw, bee niet boꝝ beard, ih hab all de dingen, vour mack shoes grwt and cleane.

Firke. Ha, ha, god maister hire him, heele make me laugh so that I shall woꝝke moze in mirth then I can in earnest.

Eyre. Heere you friend, haue you any skill in the mistery of Cordwainers?

Lacy. Ich weet niet wat you seg ich verstaen you niet.

Firke. Why this man, Ich verste v niet, quoth a.

Paw, paw, paw, ich can dat well doen.

Firke. Paw, paw, he speaks pawing like a Jacke daw, that gapes to be fed with cheese curdes, & heele giue a villanous pull at a can of double beere, but Hodge, and I haue the vantage, wee must drinke first, because wee are the eldest iourneyman.

Eyre. What is thy name?

Lacy. Hans, Hans Meulter.

Bye. Come, the hand, Hodge, *Enter*
taine

the Gentle Craft.

taine him, Firke bid him welcome, com Hans, runne swift, bid your maids, your trullibubs, make ready my fine mens breakfasts : to him Hodge.

Hodge. Hans, th'art welcome, vse thy selfe friendly, for we are good fellows, if not, thou shalt be fought with, wert thou bigger then a Gyant.

Firke. Yea, and drunk with wert thou Gargantua, my maister keeps us Cowards, I tell thee : ho, boy, bzing him an heele-block, heres a new Journey man.

Enter Boy.

Lacy. *Dich wersto, you Ich moet een halve doffen Cans betalen : here boy nempt dis skilling, tap eens fresliche.*

Exit Boy.

Eyre. Quicke snipper snapper, away Firke, scowje thy thout thou shalt wash it with Castilian liquoz. *Enter Boy.*

Come my last of the fines, gine mee a Can, haue to thee Hans, here Hodge, here Firke, dzinke you mad Crackes, and worke like true Trojans, and pray for Simon Eyre the Shewmaker, here Hans and th'art welcome.

Firke. La dame, you would haue lost a good fellow that will teach vs to laugh, this here came hopping in well.

Wife. Simon, it is almost seauen.

Eyre. Is so dame clapper dudgeon, it seauen a clocke, and my mens breakfasts not ready : trip and go you so swift senger, away, come you madde Hyperbozeans, follow me Hodge, follow me Hans, come after my fine Firke, to worke to worke a while and then to Breakfast. *Exit.*

Firke. Soft, yaw, yaw, god Hans, though my maister haue no moze wit but to call you afoze me, I am not so foolish to gos behind you, I being the elder Journeyman. *Exeunt.*

Holowing within. Enter Warner and Hammon, like Hunters.

Hammon. Cosen, beate euery bzake, the game's not farre, This way with winged feet he fled from death, Whilst the pursuing hounds senting his steps, Find out his high-way to destruction. Besides, the Millers boy told me euen now, He saw him take soyle and he halloved him;

A pleasant Comedy of

Attending him so emboss,
That long he could not hold.

Warner. If it be so,
'Tis best we trace these meddles by Old Foys.

A noyse of hunters within, enter a boy.

Hammon. How now boy, where's the Dære? speake, I will
thou him?

Boy. O yea, I saw him leape through a hedge, and then ouer
a ditch, then at my Lord Maiors pale ouer hee skipt me,
and in he went me, and holla the hunters cride, and there boy,
there boy, but there he is a wine honesty.

Ham. Boy God a mercy. Cosen lets away,
I hope I shall find better sport to day. *Exeunt.*

Hunting within, enter Rose and Sibill.

Rose. Why Sibill, wilt thou proue a Forrester?

Sibill. Upon some no, forrester goe by: no faith Pistris, the
Dære came running into the Barne, through the Orchard
and ouer the pale, I wot well, I lok't as pale as a new chase
to see him, but whip saies godman Pinclose vp with his staile,
and our Nicke with a prong, and downe he fell, and they vpon
him, and I vppon them, by my troth we had such sport, and in
the end wee ended him, his throat wes cut, dead him, vn-
hornd him, and my Lord Maior shall eate of him anon when
he comes.

Horner sound within.

Rose. Heark heark, the Hunters come, y^e are best take heed,
they'l haue a saying to you for this deed.

Enter Hammon, Warner, Huntsmen, and boy.

Ham. God saue you faire Ladies.

Sibill. Ladies, O grosse!

VVar. Came not a Bucke this way?

Rose. No, but two Dees.

Ham. And which way went they? faith wee'l hunt at those.

Sibill. At those? vpon some no: when, can you tell?

VVar. Upon some, I.

Sibill. Good Lord.

VVar. Wounds then farewell.

Ham. Boy, which way went he?

Boy. This

the Gentle Craft.

Boy. This way sir he ran,

Ham. This way he ran indeed, faire Mistris Rose,
Our game was lately in your orchard same.

War. Can you aduise which way he took his flight?

Sibil. Follow your nose, his hoznes will guide you right.

War. Th'art a mad wench.

Sibil. O rich!

Rose. Trust me, not I,

It is not like that the wild foreest dære,
Would come so neare to places of resort,
You are decei'd, he fled some other way.

War. Which way my sugar-candy, can you shew?

Sibil. Come by god honnisops, vpon some, no.

Rose. Why doe you stay and not pursue your game?

Sibil. He hold my life their hunting nags be lame.

Ham. A dære, moze dære is found within this place.

Rose. But not the Dære (sir) which you had in chase.

Ham. I cha'd the dære, but this dære chaseth me.

Rose. The strangest hunting that euer I see,
But where's your Parke?

She offers to goe away.

Ham. Tis here: O stay.

Rose. Impale me, and then I will not stay.

War. They wangle wench, we are moze kind then they.

Sibil. What kind of heart is that (dære heart) you seek?

War. A Hart, dære heart.

Sibil. Who euer saw the like?

Rose. To lose your heart, is't possible you can?

Ham. My heart is lost.

Rose. Alaske good Gentleman.

Ham. This poze lost heart would I wish you might find.

Rose. You by such luck might proue your heart a hind.

Ham. Why Luck had hoznes so haue I heard some say?

Rose. Now God and't be his will send luck into your way.

Enter L. Maior, and seruants.

L. Ma. What M. Hammon, welcome to old Ford.

Sibil. Gods pittikins, hands off sir, hozes my Lord.

L. Ma. I heare you had ill lucke, and lost your game.

A pleasant Comedy of

Ham. 'Tis true my Lord.

L. Ma. I am sorry for the same.

What Gentleman is this ?

Ham. My brother in law.

L. Ma. You are welcome both, Alth Fortune offers you
Into my hands, you shall not part from hence,
Untill you haue refresh't your wearied limbes.
Go Sibell couer the word, you shall be guest
To no good cheare, but euen a hunters feast.

Ham. I thanke your Lordship : cousin, on my life,
For our lost venison, I shall find a wife.

Exeunt.

L. Ma. In gentlemen, Ile not be absent long,
This Hammon is a proper Gentleman,
A cittizen by birth, fairely allide,
How fit an husband were he for my girl ?
Well, I will in, and do the best I can,
To match my daughter to this Gentleman.

Exit,

Enter Lacy, Skipper, Hodge, and Firke.

Skip. Ick sal yow wat seggen Hans, dis skip dat comen
from Candy is alwool, by gots sacrament, van sugar, cinet,
almond, Cambrick, end alle dingen towsand towsand ding,
nempt it Hans, nempt it boz v meester, dar be de hils van
laden, your meester Symon Eyre sal hac good copen, wat seg-
gen yow Hans.

Firke. Wat seggen de reggen de copen, slopen, laugh
Hodge laugh.

Lacie. Mine licner broder Firke, bringt meester Eyre lot
det signe vn swannekin, dare sal you finde dis skipper end
me, wat seggen yow broder Firke ? doot it Hodge, come
Skipper.

Exeunt.

Firke. Bring him qd. you, heeres no knanery, to bring my
maister to buy a ship, worth the lading of 2. or 3. hundred
thousand pounds, alas that's nothing, a trifle, a bable Hodge.

Hod. The truth is Firke, that the Marchant owner of the
Ship dares not shew his head, and therefore this Skipper that
deales for him, for the loue he beares to Hans, offers my ma-
ster Eyre a bargaine in the commodities, he shall haue a reason-
able

the Gentle Craft.

mable day of payment, he may sell the wares by that time and be an huge gainer himselfe.

Firke. Yea, but can my fellow Hans lend my Maister twenty propentines as an earnest penny.

Hod. Portegues thou wouldst say, here they be Firke.
bark, they gingle in my pocket like Mary Queries bells.

Enter Eyre and his wife.

Firke. Mum, here comes my Dame and my Maister, wheels scold on my life, for loptering this Monday, but al's one, let them all say what they can, Monday's our holyday.

Wife. You sing fir lances, but I besmeth your heart,
I feare for this your singing we shall smart.

Firke. Smart for me Dame, why Dame, why?

Hod. Maister, I hope you will not suffer my Dame to take
downe your Journey men.

Firke. If she take me downe, I'll take her by, yea and take
her downe too, a button-hole lower.

Eyre. Peace Firke, not I Hodge, by the life of Pharao, by
the Lord of Ludgate, by this beard, every haire whereof I va-
lue at a Kings ransom, she shall not meddle with you pease
you bumbast, cotton, candle quene, away Quene of Clubs
quarrel not with me and my man, with me and my fine Firke,
ill sicks you if you doe.

Wife. Yea yea man, you may use me as you please: but let
that passe.

Eyre. Let it passe, let it banish away: peace, am I not Si-
mon Eyre? are not these my brave men? brave Whomakers,
all gentlemen of the Gentle Craft: whence am I none, yet am
I nobly borne, as being the sole sonne of a Whomaker, away
rubbish, banish, melt, melt like kitchen Ruffe.

Wife. Yea, yea, tis well, I must be cald rubbish, kitchen-
Ruffe, for a sort of knaves.

Firke. Say dame, you shall not weepe and waile in woe
for me: master I'll stay no longer, here's a counterfeit of my
shop toles: adieu maister, Hodge farewell.

Hodge. Say say Firke, thou shalt not goe alone.

Wife. I pray let them goe, there be more maides then Ma-
kin, more men then Hodge, and more soles then Firke.

Firke.

A pleasant Comedy of

Firke. *Sholes & nailes if I tarry now, I would my guts might be turnd to shewthread.*

Hod. And if I say. I pray God I may be turnd to a Turk, and set in Finsbury for boies to shote at: come Firke.

Eyre. Stay my fine knaves, you armes of my trade, you pillars of me profession. What, shall a tittle tattles word make you forsake Simon Eyre? anaunt Bitchinsuffe, rippe you brolone bread tannking. out of my sight, moue nie not, haue not I tane you from selling Tripes in Eastcheape, and set you in my shop, and made you hails fellow with Simon Eyre the Shomaker? and now doe you deale thus with my Journey-men? Look you powder-báse queane on the face of Hodge heeres a face for a Lord.

Firke. And hers a face for my Lady in Chyffendome.

Eyre. Rip you chitterling, anaunt boy. bid the Tapster of the Boies head fill me a dozen Cannes of báre for my tourneymen.

Firke. A dozen Cans? O bzaue, Hodge now Ile stay.

Eyre. And the knave fills any more then two, he payes for them: a dozen Cans of Báre for my Journymen, heere you mad Mesopotamians, wash your liners with this liquour, where be the odde ten? no more Padge, no more, well said, drink and to worke: what work dost thou Hodge? what work.

Hod. I am a making a paire of shoes for my Lord Spatozs daughter, mistress Rose.

Firke. And I a paire of shoes for Sibill my Lords maide, I deale with her.

Eyre. Sibill? fie, defile not thy fine workemanly fingers with the sate of Bitchinsuffe, and basting ladies, Ladies of the Court, fine Ladies, my lads, commit their sate to our appareling, put grosse worke to Hans: parke and seame: parke and seame.

Firke. For parking and seaming let me alone & I come too.

Hod. Well maister all this is from the bias, doe you remember the Ship my fellow Hans told you of, the Skipper and he are both drinking at the Swan? here be the Portignes to gine earnest, if you go through with it, you cannot choos but be a Lord at least.

Firke.

the Gentle Craft.

Firk. *Gay dame, if my maister proue not a Lord, and you a Lady, hang me.*

Wife. *Pea like inough, if you may loyter and tittle thus.*

Firk. *Tittle Dame? no we haue bene bargaining with Skellum Skanderbag: can you Dutch speaken for a Shippe of Silke Cipresse, laden with Sugar Candy.*

Enter the boy with a veluet coate, and an Aldermans gowne, Eyre puts it on.

Eyr. *Peace Firke, silence tittle tattle: Hodge, ile go throug with it, hars a seale ring, and I haue sent for a garded gowne, and a damask Casock, see where it comes, loke here Maggy helpe me Firke, apparrell me Hodge, silke and satten you mad phylisines, silke and satten.*

Firk. *Ha, ha, my maister will be as proud as a dogge in a dublet, all in beaten damaske and belnet.*

Eyr. *Softly Firke, for rearing of the nay, and wearing threadbare my garments: how dost thou like me Firke? how do I loke, my fine Hodge.*

Hod. *Why now you loke like your selfe maister, I warrant you, ther's few in the city, but will giue you the wall, and come vpon you with the right wo?shipfull.*

Firk. *Pailes my maister lookes like a thredbare cloake new turn'd, and drest: Lord, Lord, to see what good raiment doth: dame, dame, are you not enamoured?*

Eyr. *How saist thou Maggy, am I not bziske? am I not fine?*

Wife. *Fine: by my troth swart heart very fine: by my troth I neuer likt thee so well in my life swart heart. But let that passe, I warrant there be many women in the cittie haue not soch handsome husbands, but ouely for their apparell, but let that passe too.*

Enter Hans and Skipper.

Hans. *God den day messer, dis be de skipper dat heb de skip van marchandice, de commoditey ben good, nempt it messer, nempt it.*

Ayr. *God a mercy Hans, welcome Skipper, where lies this ship of Marchandice?*

Skip. *De skip beene in rouere: do? be van sugar, cinet, Almonds, Cambricke, and a towsand towsand tings, got's sacrament, nempt it messer, ye sal heb god copen.*

D

Firke,

A pleasant Comedy of

Firke. To him maister, O sweet maister, O sweet waies,
Pzuns, Almons, Sugar-candy, Carrat roots, Turnups, O
brane satting meat, let not a man buy a nutmeg but your selfe.

Eyre. Peace Firke, come Skipper, Ile goe aboord with you,
Hans haue you made him drinke?

Skip. Paw, paw, ic heb beale ge drunke.

Eyre. Come Hans follow me: Skipper, thou shalt haue my
countenance in the City. Exeunt.

Firke. Paw heb beale ge drunke, quoth a: they may well
be called butter-bores, when they drinke fat beale, and thicke
beare too: but come Dame, I hope youle chide vs no moze.

Wife. So saith Firke, no perdy Hodge, I do sale honour
cräpe vpon me, and which is moze, a certaine rising in my
flesh, but let that passe.

Firke. Rising in your flesh doe you sale say you? I you may
be with child, but why should not my master sale a rising in
his flesh, hauing a gokone and a gold ring on, but you are such
a shrew, youle soon pull him downe.

Wife. Ha, ha, pzethæ peace, thou makst my wooship laugh,
but let that passe: come ile goe in Hodge, pzethæ goe besoze
me, Firke follow me.

Firke. Firke doth follow, Hodge passe out in state. Exeunt.

Enter Lincolne and Dodger.

Lin. How now god Dodger, whats the newes in France?

Dodg. My Lord, vpon the eightenth day of May,
The French and English were prepared to fight,
Each side with eager fury gaue the signe
Of a most hot encounter, siue long houres
Both armies fought together: at the length,
The lot of victozy fell on our sides,
Twelue thousand of the Frenchmen that day dide,
Foure thousand English, and no man of name,
But Captaine Hyam, and yong Ardington,
Two gallant Gentlemen, I know them well.

Lin. But Dodger, pzethæ tell me in this fight,
How did my cozen Lacy beare himselfe?

Dodg. My Lord your cozen Lacy was not there.

Lin. Not there? Dod, so, my god Lord.

Lin

the Gentle Craft.

Lin. Sure thou mistakest,
I saw him shipt, and a thousand eyes beside
Were witness of the farewells which he gave,
When I with weeping eyes bid him adieu:
Dodger take heed.

Dodg. My Lord I am advisee,
That what I speake is true: to proue it so,
His cozen Askew that supplide his place,
Went me so; him from France, that secretly
He might conuey himselfe hither.

Lin. Ist euen so,
Dares he so carelesly venture his life,
Vpon the indignation of a King?
Hath he dispisd my loue, and spurn'd those fauours
Which I with prodigall hand bestowed on his head?
He shall repent his rashnesse with his soule,
Since of my loue he makes no estimate,
He make him wish he had not knowne my hate,
Thou hast no other netues?

Dodg. None else, my Lord.

Lin. None worse I know thou hast: procure the King
To crowne his gladdy bowes with ample honours,
Send him cheefe Colonell, and all my hope
Thus to be dashed: but tis in vaine to grieve,
One euill cannot a worse relieue:
Vpon my life I haue found out this plot,
The old dog Loue that satvnd vpon him so,
Lone to that puling girl, his faire cheekt Rose,
The Lord Maiors daughter hath distracted him,
And in the fire of that lones innacy,
Hath he burnt vp himselfe, consum'd his credit,
Lost the Kings loue, yea and I feare his life,
Onely to get a wanton to his wife:
Dodger, it is so.

Dodg. I feare so my good Lord.

Linco. It is so, nay sure it cannot be,
I am at my wits end Dodger.

Dodg. Yea my Lord.

A Pleasant Comedie of

Lin. Thou art acquainted with my Nephewes haunts,
Spend this gold for thy paines, go seek him out,
Watch at my Lord Maiors, there (if he live)
Dodger, thou shalt be sure to meete with him:
Prethee be diligent. Lacy, thy name
Lived once in honour, now dead in shame:
Be circumspect.

Exit.

Dod. I warrant you my Lord.

Exit.

Enter Lord Mayor, and Master Scot.

L. Ma. Good master Scot, I haue bene hold with you,
To be a witnesse to a wedding knot,
Betwixt yong master Hammon and my daughter.
Stand aside, see where the lours come.

Enter Hammon, and Rose.

Rose. Can it be possible you loue me so?
No, no, within those eye-balls I espy,
Apparant likelihoods of flattery,
Pray now let goe my hand.

Ham. Sweet mistress Rose,
Misconstrue not my words, nor misconceiue
Of my affection, whose deuoted soule
Sweares that I loue thee dearer then my heart.

Rose. As deare as your owne heart? I iudge it right.
Open loue their hearts best when they are out of sight.

Ham. I loue you, by this hand.

Rose. Yet hands off now:

If flesh be fraile, how weake and frail's your bow?

Ham. Then by my life I sweare.

Rose. Then do not haile,

One quarrell loseth wife and life and all,
Is not your meaning thus?

Ham. In faith you tell.

Rose. Loue loues to sport, therefore leaue loue y' are best.

L. Ma. What square they master Scot?

Scot. Sir, neuer doubt,

Louers are quickly in, and quickly out.

Ham. Sweet Rose, be not so strange in fanciesing me,
Pay neuer turns a side, shunne not my sight,

the Gentle Craft.

I am not growne so fowd, to send my loue,
On any that shall quit it with disdain,
If you will loue me, so, if not fare well,

L. Ma. Why how not louers, are you both agreed?

Ham. Yes saith my Lord. (daughter.

L. Ma. 'Tis well, giue me your hand, giue me yours
How now, both pull back, what meanes this, Sirle?

Rose. I meane to liue a maide.

Ham. But not to die one, pause ere that be said. aside.

L. Ma. Will you still crosse me: still be obstinate?

Ham. Nay chide her not my Lord for doing well,
If she can liue an happy virgins life,
'Tis farre more blessed then to be a wife.

Rose. Say sir I cannot. I haue made a vow,
Who euer be my husband tis not you.

L. Ma. Your tongue is quicke, but M. Hammon know,
I had you welcome to another end.

Ham. What, would you haue me pule, and pine, and pray,
With lonely Lady mistress of my heart,
Pardon your seruant, and the rimer play,
Kipling on Cupid, and his tyrants dart:
Or shall I vnder take some martiall spoile,
Wearing your gloue at Turney and at Tilt,
And tell how many gallants I vnhoist,
Sweet will this pleasure you?

Rose. Yes when wilt begin?

What loue-rimes man: sic on that deadly sinne.

L. Ma. If you will haue her, Ile make her agree.

Ham. Enforced loue is worse then hate to me,
There is a wench keepe shop in the old change,
To her will I, it is not wealth I sake,
I haue enough, and will preferre her lone
Before the world: my good Lord Haio: adieu,
Old loue for me, I haue no luck with new.

Exit.

L. Ma. Now mammet you haue well behau'd your selfe,
But you shall curse your coyneesse if I liue:
Whose within there: see you conuay your mistress
Straight to th' old Ford, Ile keep you straits enough,

A pleasant Comedy of

Forso God I would haue swoyne the puling Gyrle
 Would willingly accepted Hammons loue;
 But banish him my thoughts, go minion in. *Exit Rose.*
 Now tell me Maister Scot, would you haue thought
 That maister Simon Eyre the Shomaker,
 Had bene of wealth to buy such merchandize?

Scot. 'Twas well my Lord, your honour and my selfe,
 Cretw partners with him, for your billes of lading
 Shew that Eyres gaines in one commodity,
 Rise at the least to full thre thousand pound,
 Besides like gaine in other merchandize.

L. Ma. Well, he shall spend some of his thousands now,
 For I haue sent for him to the Guild Hall, *Enter Eyre.*
 See where he comes: god morrow maister Eyre.

Eyre. Praise Simon Eyre, my Lord, your shomaker.

L. Ma. Well well, it likes your selfe to terme you so,
Enter Dodger.

Now M. Dodger, whats the newes with you?

Dodg. Ide gladly speake in priuate to your honoz.

L. Ma. You shall, you shall: maister Eyre, and M. Scot,
 I haue some businesse with this Gentleman,
 I pray let me intreat you to walke befoze
 To the Guild hall, He follow presently,
 Maister Eyre, I hope ere now to call you Sheriffe.

Eyre. I would not care (my Lord) if you might call me King
 of Spaine, come Maister Scot.

L. Ma. Now Maister Dodger, what's the newes you bring?

Dod. The Earle of Lincolne by me greets your Lordship,
 And earnestly requests you (if you can)
 Informe him where his Nephew Lacy keeps.

L. Ma. Is not his Nephew Lacy now in France?

Dod. No I assure your Lordship, but disguis'd
 Lurkes here in London.

L. Ma. London? ist euen so?

It may be; but vpon my faith and soule,
 I know not where he liues, or whether he liues,
 So tell my Lord of Lincolne: lurk in London?
 Well maister Dodger, you perhaps may start him,

the Gentle Craft.

We but the meanes to rid him into France,
He giue you a dozen angells for your paines,
So much I loue his honour, hate his Nephew,
And prether so infor me thy Lord from me.

Dodger. I take my leane.

Exit Dodger.

L. Ma. Farewell good M. Dodger.

Lacie's in London I dare palue my life,
My daughter knowes therof, and for that cause,
Denide young Maister Hammon in his loue,
Well, I am glad I sent her to old Fords,
Gods Lord tis late, to Guild Hall I must hie,
I know my Brethren lacke my company.

Exit.

Enter Firke, Eyres wife, Hans and Roger.

VVife. Thou goest too fast for me Roger. O Firke.

Firke. I forsooth.

VVife. I pray thee run (doe you heare) run to Guild Hall,
and learne if my husband M. Eyre will take that worshopfull
bocation of M. Sheriffe vpon him, hie thee good Firke.

Firke. Take it? well I goe, and he should not take it, Firke
sweares to forswear him, yes forsooth I goe to Guild Hall.

VVife. Say when? th'art too compendious and tedious.

Firke. O rare, your excellence is full of eloquence, how like
a new Cart wheele my dame speakes, and shee lookes like an
old musty Ale-bottle going to scalding.

VVife. Say when? thou wilt make me melancholly.

Firke. God forbid your Worshop should fall into that hu-
mour, I run.

Exit.

VVife. Let me see now Roger and Hans.

Ro. I forsooth dame, (mistis I should say) but the old terme
so stickes to the roose of my mouth, I can hardly like it off

VVife. Euen what thou wilt good Roger, Dame is a faire
name for any honest Christian, but let that passe, how dost
thou Hans?

Hans We tanck you vxo.

Wife. Well Hans and Roger, you see God hath blest your
maister, and perdie if euer he come to see M. Sheriffe of Lon-
don, (as we are all mortall) you shall see, I will haue some
odds

A pleasant Comedy of

odde thing or other in a corner for you, I will not bee your backe friend, but let that passe, Hans, pray thee tye my shoe.

Hans. May it sal be so.

VVife. Roger, thou knowest the length of my soote, as it is none of the biggest, so I thanke God it is handsome enough, praiſe let me haue a paire of Shoes made, Cozke good Roger, wooden heele too.

Hodge. You shall,

VVife. Art thou acquainted with neuer a Fardingale-maker, nor a French hood-maker, I must enlarge my bumme, ha, ha, ha, how shall I looke in a hode I wonder, perdie only I thinke.

Roger. As a Cat out of a Pilloze, very well I warrant you Mistresse.

VVife. Indeed all flesh is grasſe, and Roger, canst thou tell where I may buy a good hayze?

Roger. Yes forsooth, at the Poulterers in Gracious Street.

VVife. Thou art an ungracious wag, perdy, I meane a false hayze for my perewig.

Roger. Why Mistris, the next time that I cut my beard, you shall haue the shavings of it, but mine are all true haire.

VVife. It is very hot, I must get me a fan or else a maske.

Roger. So you had need to hide your wicked face.

VVife. Fie vpon it, how costly this wordes calling is, perdie, but that it is one of the wonderfull workes of God, I would not deale with it: is not Fierke come yet? Hans, be not so sad, let it passe and vanish as my husbands worship sayes.

Hans. Ick bin vpolicke, let see you see.

Roger. Mistris, will you drinke a pipe of Tobacco?

Wife. O fie vpon it Roger, perdy, these filthy Tobacco pipes are the most idle flauering bables that euer I felt: out vpon it, God blesse vs, men looke not like men that vse them.

Enter Raph being lame.

Roger. What fellow Raph? Mistresse looke heere, Ianes husband: why how now, lame? Hans make much of him, hee is a brother of our Trade, a good workeman, and a tall Soldier.

Hans, You be welcome brother.

VVife,

the Gentle Craft.

VVife. *Perdie I knew him not, how dost thou godd Raph?*
I am glad to see thee well.

Raph. I would God you saw me dame as well,
As when I went from London into France.

VVife. Trust mee I am sorry Raph to see thee impotent,
Lords how the warres haue made him Sun-burnt: the left leg
is not well, 'twas a faire giust of God, the infirmity toke not
hold a little higher, considering thou camst from France, but
let that passe.

Raph. I am glad to see you well and I reioyce
To heare that God hath blest my maister so
Since my departure.

Wife. *Pea truely Raph, I thanks my maker: but let that
passe.*

Rog. And sirra Raph, what netwes, what netwes in France?

Raph. Tell me god Roger first what netwes in England:
How does my lane? When didst thou see my wife?
Where lyes my poore heart? Shall he poore indard,
Now I want limbes to get whercon to feed.

Rog. Limbes? hast thou not hands man? thou shalt ne-
uer see a shoemaker want bread, though he haue but thre finger
s on a hand.

Raph. Yet all this while I heare not of my lane.

VVife. O Raph your wife, perdie wee know not whats be-
come of her: she was heere a while and because she was mar-
ried, grew more stately then became her, I cheekt her and so
soyth, away she slung, neuer returned, noz said 'biv noz bah:
and kase you know, ka me, ka thee, And so as I tell ye. Roger
is not Firke come yet?

Rog. No sozsoth.

VVife. And so indeed we heard not of her, but I heare shes
lives in London: but let that passe. If shes had wanted, shes
might haue opened her case to me or my husband, or to any of
my men, I am sure there is not any of them perdie, but would
haue done her good to his power. Hans, looke if Firke bee
come.

Exit Hans.

Hans. Patw it sal be so.

VVife. And so as I said: but Raph, why dost thou weepe?
thou

A pleasant Comedy of

thou knowest that naked we came out of our mother's womb, and naked we must returne, and therefore thanke God for all things.

Roger. No faith, Iane is a stranger hère, but Raph pull vp a good heart, I know thou hast one, thy Wife man is in London, one told mee he saw her a while agoe very bzaue and neat, we'll ferret her out, and London holde her.

Wife. Alas poore soule, he's ouer-come with sorrow, he does but as I doe, weepe for the losse of any good thing : but Raph, get thee in, call for some meat and drinke, thou shalt find mee worshipfull towards thee.

Raph. I thanke you dame, since I want limbs and lands, Ile trust to God, my good friends, and to my hands. *Exit.*

Enter Hans and Firke running.

Firke. Runne good Hans, O Hodge, O Mistris ; Hodge heave vp thine eares, mistresse smugge vp your lookes, on with your best apparrell, my maister is chosen, my maister is called, nay condemned by the cry of the Country to be sheriffe of the Citty, for this famous yeare now to come: and time now being, a great many men in black Colours were askt for their boyces, and their hands, and my maister had all their fists about his eares presently, and they cryed I, I, I, I, and so I came away, wherefore without all other griue, I doe saluto you mistris Shyene.

Hans. Pshaw, my maister is de goot man, de Shyene.

Roger. Did not I tell you Mistris now I may boldly say, good morrow to your worship.

Wife. Good morrow good Roger, I thanke you my good people all, Firke, hold vp thy hand, hère's a threepenny pæce for thy tidings.

Firke. 'Tis but threë halfe pence, I think : yes tis threepence I smell the Rose.

Hodge. But Mistris, bee rul'd by me, and doe not speake so poutingly.

Fir. 'Tis her worship speaks so and not she, no faith Mistris speake me in the old key, so it Firke, there good Firke, ply your
business

the Gentle Craft.

businesse Hodge, Hodge with a full mouth: He fill your bellies with good chère till they cry twang.

Enter Simon Eyre wearing a gold Chaine.

Hans. See mine lieuer broder, here comt my maister.

Wife. Welcome home Maister Shylene, I pray God continue you in health and wealth.

Eyre. See here my Maggy, a Chaine, a gold Chaine for Simon Eyre, I shall make thee a lady, here's a French hood for thee on with it, on with it, dresse thy browes with this flap of a shoulder of mutton, to make thee look louely, where be my fine men, Roger, He make ouer my shop and toles to thee: Firke, thou shalt be the foze-man: Hans, thou shalt haue an hundred for twenty, be as mad knaues as your maister Sim Eyre hath bene, and you shall line to be Sheriffes of London: how dost thou like me Margery? Prince am I none, yet am I princely boyne, Firke, Hodge and Hans.

All 3. I forsooth, what sayes your worship Mistress Sherrifer

Eyre. Worship and honoꝝ ye Babilonian knaues, for the Gentle Craft: but I forgot my selfe, I am bidden by my Lord Maior to dinner to old Fowd, he's gone befoze, I must after: come Madge, on with your trinkets: now my true Troians, my fine Firke, my dapper Hodge, my honest Hans, some deuice, some odde crotchets, some morris, or such like, for the honoꝝ of the gentleman Shew-makers, meet mee at old Fowd, you know my minde: come Madge away, shut vp the shop knaues, and make Holiday.

Exeunt.

Firke. O rare, O braue, come Hodge, follow me Hans, We'll be with them for a Morris dance.

Exeunt.

Enter Lord Maior, Eyre, his wife in a French-hood, Sibill and other Seruants.

L. Maior. Trust me you are as welcome to old Fowd, as my selfe.

Wife. Truly, I thanke your Lordship.

L. Maior. Would our bad chère were woorth the thanks you giue.

Eyre. Good chère my Lord Maior, fine chère, a fine house, fine walles, all fine and neat.

A pleasant Comedie of

L. Maior. *Now by my troth, Ile tell thee maister Eyre,
It does me good and all my Brethren,
That such a madcap fellow as thy selfe
Is entred into our society.*

Wife. *I but my Lord hee must learne now to put on gra-
uitie.*

Eyre. *Peace Maggy, a fig for grauity, when I go to Guild
Hall in my scarlet Coloure, I'le looke as demurely as a Saint,
and speake as grauely as a Iustice of peace, but now I am
here at old Fford, at my good Lord Maiors house, let it goe by,
banish Maggy, Ile be merry, away with slip slip, these foole-
ries, these galleries: what humme? Prince am I none, yet am
Princely borne: what sayes my Lord Maior?*

L. Ma. *Ha. ha. ha, I had rather then a thousand pound, I
had an heart but halfe so light as yours.*

Eyre. *Why what should I doe my Lord? a pound of care
payes not a dram of debt: hum, let's bee merry while we are
young, old Age sacke and sugar will steale vpon vs ere we bee
aware.*

L. Ma. *Its well done, Mistress Eyre, pray giue good coun-
sell to my daughter.*

Wife. *I hope mistress Rose will haue the grace to take no-
thing that's bad.*

L. Ma. *Pray God shee doe, for ifaith Mistress Eyre,
I would bestow vpon that peeuish Girle,
A thousand Parkes more then I meane to giue her,
Vpon condition she be rul'd by me,
The Ape still crosseth me: there came of late
A proper Gentleman of faire reuenewes,
Whom glady I would call Sonne in law:
But my fine Cockney would haue none of him.
Voule prone a Cockscombe for it ere you dye,
A Courtier o; no man must please your eye.*

Eyre. *Wee rul'd sweet Rose, th'art ripe for a man: marry
not with a boy that has no more hayre on his face then thou
hast on thy cheekes: a Courtier, wash goe by, stand not vpon
pisberp, pashery; those silken fellows are but painted Ana-
ges, outslides, outslides Rose, their winer linings are toyme:*

the Gentle Crafts.

no my fine woufe, marry me with a Gentleman's Crocer like my Lord Maior: your father, a Crocer is a sweet trade, plums, plums: had I a sonne or Daughter should marry out of the generation and blood of the shoomakers, he should packe: what, the gentle trade is a lining for a man through Europe, through the world.

A noyse within of a Taber and a Pipe.

L. Ma. What noyse is this?

Eyre. O my Lord Maior, a crew of good followers that for loue to your hono^r, are come hither with a p^{ro}vidance; come in my Mesopotamians ch^{er}ily.

Enter Hodge, Hans, Raph, Firke, and other Shoomakers in a Morris after a litle dancing
the Lord Maior speaks.

L. Ma. Maister Eyre, are all these shoomakers?

Eyre. All Cordwainers my good Lord Maior.

Rose. How like my Lacie lookes your shoomaker.

Hans. O that I durst but speake unto my loue!

L. Ma. Sibill, go fetch some wine to make these drinke,
your are all welcome.

All. We thanke your Lordship.

Rose takes a cup of wine and goes to Hans.

Rose. For his sake whose faire shape thou representest,
God friend I drinke to thee.

Hans. It be dancke good frister.

Eyres wife. I see mistis Rose you do not want iudgement,
you haue drunke to the properest man I kepe.

Firke. Were be some haue done their parts to be as proper
as he.

L. Ma. Well, b^ugent businesse calls me backe to London:
God fellows first goe in and tast our cheare,
And to make merry as you home ward goe,
Spend these two angels in bere at Stratford Bod.

Eyre. To these two (my mad lads) Simon Eyre addes ano-
ther, then ch^{er}ily Firke t^uble it Hans, and all for the honour of
Shoomakers.

all goe dancing out.

A pleasant Comedy of

L. Ma. Come maister Eyre, let haue you company. *Exeunt.*

Rose. Sibill what shall I doe?

Sibill. Why whats the matter?

Rose. That Hans the shoe maker is my loue Lacy,
Disguisd in that attire to find me out,
How should I find the meanes to speake with him?

Sib. What mistris, neuer feare, I dare venter my maiden-
head to nothing and thats great oddes, that Hans the Dutch-
man when we come to London, shall not onely see and speake
with you, but in spite of all your Fathers pollicies, steale
you away and marry you, will not this please you?

Rose. Do this, and euer be assured of my loue.

Sibill. Away then, and follow your father to London, least
your absence cause him to suspect something:

To morrow if my counsel be obaide,

Ile bind you pparentise to the gentle trade.

*Enter Jane in a Sewsters Shop working, and Hammon muffled
at anoher doore, he stands aloofe.*

Ham. Wonder's the shop, and there my faire loue sits,
Whers faire and louely, but she is not mine,
I would she were, thise haue I courted her,
Thise hath my hand bene moistned with her hand,
Whilst my poore famisht eyes do feed on that
Which made them famisht: I am infortunate,
I still loue one, yet no body loues me,
I muse in other men what women see,
That I so want: fine mistris Rose was coy,
And this too curious, oh no, she is chaste,
And for she thinks me wanton, she denies
To cheare my cold heart with her sunny eyes,
How prettily she wozkes, oh pretty hand!
Oh happy wozke, it doth me good to stand
Vnsene to see her, thus I oft haue stood,
In frosty eueninge, a light burning by her,
Enduring biting cold, onely to see her,
One onely looke hath seem'd as rich to me
As a Kings crowne, such is louers lunacy:

Spuffed

the Gentle Craft.

Spuffled Ile passe along, and by that try:
Whether she know me.

Iane. Sir, what ist you buy?

What ist you lacke sir? Callico, or latone,
Fine cambzick shirts, or bands, what will you buy?

Ham. What which thou wilt not sell, saith yet ile try:

How do you sell this handkercher?

Iane. Good cheape.

Ham. And how these ruffes?

Iane. Cheape too.

Ham. And how this band?

Iane. Cheape too.

Ham. All cheape, how sell you then this hand?

Iane. My hands are not to be sold.

Ham. To be giuen then, nay saith I come to buy.

Iane. But none knows when.

Ham. Good sweet, leane worke a little while, lets play.

Iane. I cannot line by keeping hollioup.

Ham. Ile pay you for the time which shall be lost,

Iane. With me you shall not be at so much cost.

Ham. Look how you wound this cloth, so you wound me.

Iane. It may be so.

Ham. 'Tis so.

Iane. What remedy?

Ham. Nay saith you are too coy.

Iane. Let go my hand.

Ham. I will do any taske at your command,

I would let goe this beauty, were I not

In mind to disobey you by a power

What controules Bings: I loue you.

Iane. So, now part.

Ham. With hands I may but nener with my heart,

In saith I loue you.

Iane. I beloue you doe.

Ham. Shall a true loue in me bred hate in you?

Iane. I hate you not.

Ham. Then you must loue.

Iane. I doe, what are you better now? I loue not you.

Ham.

A Pleasant Comedie of

Ham. All this I hope is but a womans fray,
That meanes come to me, when she criss, away:
In earnest mistris I do not iest, And now I see
A true chaste loue hath entred in my brest,
I loue you dearely as I doe my life,
I loue you as a husband loues a wife,
That, and no other loue my loue requires,
Thy wealth I know is little, my desires
Thirst not for gold sweet beautious Iane what's mine,
Shall (if thou make my selfe thine) all be thine,
Say, iudge, what is thy sentence, life, or death?
Percey or cruelty lies in thy breath.

Iane. Good sir, I doe beleue you loue me well:
For tis a seely conquest, seely pride,
For one like you (I meane a Gentleman)
To boast, that by his loue tricks he hath brought,
Such and such women to his amorous lure:
I thinke you doe not so; yet many doe,
And make it riuer a very trade to woo,
I could be coy, as many women be,
Fed you with sun-shine smiles, and wanton looks,
But I detest witch-craft; say that I
Doe constantly beleue you, constant haue.

Ham. Why doost thou not beleue me?

Iane. I beleue you,

But yet good sir, because I will not greeue you,
With hopes to taste fruits, which will neuer fall,
In simple truth this is the summe of all,
My husband liues, at least I hope he liues,
Prest was he to these bitter warres in Franco;
Bitter they are to me by wanting him,
I haue but one heart; and that heart's his due,
How can I then bestow the same on you?
While he liues his I liue, be it nere so poore,
And rather be his wife, then a Kings whoore.

Ham. Chaste and deare woman, I will not abuse thee,
Although it cost my life, if thou refuse me,
Thy husband prest for Franco, what was his name?

Iane.

the Gentle Craft.

Iane. Rafe Dampport.

Ham. Dampport, heres a letter sent
From France to me, from a deare friend of mine,
A Gentleman of place, here he doth write,
Their names that haue bene slaine in euery fight.

Iane. I hope deaths scrowle contains not my lones name.

Ham. Can you read?

Iane, I can.

Ham. Peruse the same.

To my remembrance such a name I read
Amongst the rest: see here.

Iane. Aye me, hes dead.

Hes dead, if this be true my deare hearts slaine.

Ham. Haue patience, deare loue.

Iane. Vence, hence.

Ham. Nay sweet Iane,

Make not worse sorrowe proud with these rich teares,
I mourne thy husbands death because thou mournst.

Iane. That bill is forged, tis signe by forgery.

Ham. He bring thee letters sent besides to many
Carrying the like report: Iane tis too true,
Come, weepe not: mourning though it rise from loue,
Helps not the mourned, yet hurts them that mourne.

Iane. For Gods sake leaue me.

Ham. Whether dost thou turne?

Forget the dead, loue them that are aline,
His loue is faded, try how mine will thine?

Iane. Tis now no time for me to thinke on loue.

Ham. Tis now best time for you to thinke on loue, be-
cause your loue liues not.

Iane. Though he be dead, my loue to him shall not be buried
For Gods sake leaue me to my selfe alone.

Ham. I would kill my soule to leaue thee drownd in mone:
Answer me to my sute, and I am gone,
Say to me, yea, or no.

Iane. No.

Ham. Then farewell: one farewell will not serue, I come
again, come tis these wet cheekes, tell mee faith sweets
Iane,

A pleasant Comedy of

Iane, yea, or no, once more.

Iane. Once more I say no, once more begone I pray, else will I goe.

Ham. Nay then I will grow rude by this white hand,
Untill you change that cold no, here ile stand,
Till by you hard heart

Iane. Nay, for Gods loue peace.
My sorowes by your presence more increase,
Not that you thus are present, but all griefe
Desires to be alone, therefore in briefe
Thus much I say, and saying bid adieu,
If euer I wed man it shall be you,

Ham. Oh blessed voyce deare Iane Ile vngs no more,
Thy breath hath made me rich.

Iane. Death makes me poore.

Exit.

Enter Hodge at his shop boord, Rafe, Firke, Hans,
and a boy at worke.

All. Hey downe, a downe dery.

Hodge. Well said my hearts, ply your worke to day, we
loptred yesterday, to it pell mel, that we may liue to be Lord
Spaiors, or Aldermen at least.

Firke. Hey downe a downe dery.

Hodge. Well said ifaith, he w saist thou Hans, doth not Firke
tickle it?

Hans. Paw master.

Firke. Not so neither, my organe pipe squeaks this mo:
ning for want of licozing: hey downe a downe dery.

Hans. Forke and Firke, to w best vn lolly youngster hozt I me:
ter ic bid yo cut me vn pair banpzes boy master effres bwts.

Hodge. Thou shalt Hans.

Firke. Maister.

Hodge. How now, boy?

Firke. O day, now you are in the cutting vaine, cut me out
a paire of counterfeits, or else my worke will not passe cur:
rant, hey downe a downe.

Hod. Tell me sirs, are my cozen M. Priscialles shwes done?

Firke. Your cozen: no maister, one of your aunts, hang her,
let them alone.

Rafe.

the Gentle Craft.

Rafe. I am in hand with them, the game charge that none but I should doe them for her.

Firke. Thou doest for her? then thou wilt be a lame doing, and that she loves not: Rafe, thou might'st haue sent her to me, in faith I would haue yeard and firat your Precilla, hey downe a downe berry, this game will nothold.

Hodge. How saist thou Firke? were we not merry at Old Ford?

Firke. How merry? why our buttockes went jiggy ioggy like a quagmire: well sir Roger Datemeale, if I thought all meate of that nature, I would eate nothing but Wagpudbings.

Rafe. Of all good fortunes, my fellow Hans had the best.

Firke. 'Tis true, because mistress Rose drank to him.

Hodge. Well, well, worke apace, they say seuen of the Aldermen be dead, or very sicke.

Firke. I care not, 'twill be none.

Rafe. So no, I, but then my M. Eyre will come quickly to be L. Mayor.

Enter Sibill.

Firke. Whome, ponder comes Sibill.

Hodge. Sibill, welcome in faith, and how dost thou mad wench?

Firke. Sib whome, welcome to London.

Sibill. Godamercy sweet Firke: good Lord Hodge, what a delicious shop you haue got, you tickle it in faith,

Rafe. God a mercy Sibill for our good chere at old Ford.

Sibill. That you shall haue Rafe.

Firke. Nay by the masse, we had tickling chere Sibill, and how the plague dost thou and mistress Rose, and my L. Mayor? I put the woman in first.

Sibill. Well Godamercy: but Gods me, I forget my selfe, where's Hans the Flemming?

Firke. Hearke butter-bore, now you must yelp out some speken.

Hans. That begaile gon bat bod gon Frister.

Sibill. Marry you must come to my young mistress, to pull on her shoes you made last.

Hans. That ben your egle fro, bare ben your mistress?

A Pleasant Comedie of

Sibill. ~~W~~arry here at our London house in Corneswall,

Firke, ~~W~~ill no body serue her turne but Hans?

Sibill. No sir, come Hans I stand vpon needles,

Hod. ~~W~~hy then Sibill, take heed of pzing.

Sibill. For that let me alone, I haue a trickes in my budget,
come Hans.

Hans. ~~Y~~aw, yaw, it fall mee te yo game.

Exit Hans and Sibill.

Hodge. ~~C~~oe Hans, make hast againe: come, who lacks
worke?

Firke. I master, for I lacke my bzeake fast, tis munching
time, and past.

Hodge. Ist so, why then leane worke Rafe, to bzeakefast, boy
looke to the toles, come Rafe, come Firke. Excunt.

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. Let me see now, the signe of the last in Towrestreet,
mas yonders the house: what hau, whoes within?

Enter Rafe.

Rafe. ~~W~~ho calles there, what want you sir?

Ser. ~~W~~arry I would haue a paire of shoes made for a
Gentlewoman against to morow morning; what, can you
doe them?

Rafe. Yes sir, you shall haue them, but what length's her
foote.

Ser. ~~W~~hy, you must make them in all parts like this shoe,
but at any hand saile not to doe them, for the Gentlewoman is
to be married very early in the morning.

Rafe. How by this shoe must it be made: by this, are you
sure sir by this?

Ser. How, by this am I sure. by this art thou in thy wits?
I tell thee I must haue a paire of shoes. dost thou marke me:
a paire of shoes, two shoes made by this very shoe, this same
shoe, against to morow morning by foure a clocke, dost thou
vnderstand me, canst doe it?

Rafe. Yes sir, yes, I, I, I can do't, by this shoe you say: I
should know this shoe: yes sir, yes, by this shoe, I can do't;
foure a clocke, well, whether shall I bring them?

Ser. To the signe of the golden ball in Watlingstreet, en-
quire

the Gentle Craft.

quire for one Maister Hammon, a Gentleman, my maister.

Raph. Hea sir, by this shoe you say.

Ser. I say Maister Hammon at the golden Ball, he's the
Wife-grome, and those shoes are for his wife.

Raph. They shall be done by this shoe: well, well, Maister
Hammon at the golden shoe, I would say the golden Ball, wel,
very well, but I pray you sir, where must Maister Hammon
be married?

Ser. At Saint Faith's Church vnder Panles: but what's
that to thee: p'ethee dispatch those shoes, and so farewell.

Exit.

Raph. By this shoe said hee, how am I amazed
At this strange accident: vpon my life,
This was the very shoe I gaue my wife
When I was prest for France; since when, alas,
I neuer could heare of her: 'Tis the same,
And Hammons Wife no other but my Iane.

Enter Firke.

Firke. Snailke Raph thou hast lost thy part of thre pots, a
Countryman of mine gaue me to breakfast.

Raph. I care not, I haue found a better thing.

Firke. A thing? away; is it a mans thing or a womans
thing?

Raph. Firke, dost thou know this shoe?

Firke. No by my troth, neither doth that know me: I haue
no acquaintance with it, tis a more stranger to me.

Raph. Why then I doe; this shoe I durst be sworne
Once couered the instep of my Iane:

This is her size, her breadth, thus trod my loue,
These true loue knots, I pyckt, I hold my life,
By this old shoe I shall find out my wife.

Firke. Ha, ha old shoe, that were new, how a murren came
this ague fit of foolishnesse vpon thee?

Raph. Thus Firke, euen now heere came a Seruingman,
By this shoe would he haue a new paire made,
Against to morrow morning for his mistresse,
That's to be married to a Gentleman,
And why may not this be my sweet Iane?

A pleasant Comedy of

Firke. And why maist not thou be my sweet Asse : ha, ha.

Raph. Well, laugh and spare not, but the truth is this,
Against to morrow morning Ile provide
A lusty crew of honest Shoemakers,
To watch the going of the Bride to Church :
If she prove lame, Ile take her in despite
Of Hammon and the Diuell, were he by,
If it be not my Iauc, what remedy ?
Whereof I am sure I shall live till I dye,
Although I neuer with a woman live.

Firke. Thou live with a woman to build nothing but Crip-
plegates : Well God sends fooles fortune, and it may bee hee
may light upon his matrimony by such a device, for wedding
and hanging goes by destiny.

Enter Hans, and Rose arme in arme.

Hans. How happy am I by embracing thee,
O I did feare such crosse mishaps did raigne,
That I should never see my Rose againe,

Rose. Sweet Lacy, since fairs opportunity,
Offers her selfe to further our escape,
Let not two over-sonde esteeme of me,
Hinder that happy houre, invent the meanes,
And Rose will follow thee through all the world.

Hans. Oh how I surfet with excess of joy,
Made happy by thy rich perfection :
But since thou payst sweet intrest to my hopes,
Redoubting love on love, let me once more
Like to a bold-fac'd debtoz craue of thee,
This night to steale abroad, and at Eyres house,
Who now by death of certaine Aldermen,
Is Paioz of London, and my maister once,
Sceete thou thy Lacy, where in spight of change,
Pour father anger, and mine uncles hate,
Our happy nuptials will we consummate.

Enter Sybill.

Sibill. Oh God, what will you doe mistress : What for your
selfe, your father is at hand, hee's comming, hee's comming,
maister Lacy hide your selfe in my mistress, for Gods sake
What for your selues.

Hans,

the Gentle Craft.

Hans. Your father come, sweet Rose, what shall I doe?
Where shall I hide me? how shall I escape?

Rose. A man, and want wit in extremity,
Come, come, be Hans stil, play the Shoomaker,
Pull on my shoe.

Enter Lord Maior.

Hans. Was and that s well remembred.

Sibill. Here comes your father.

Hans. Forware metresse, 'tis vn good skole, it fall bel oute,
o; ye sal niet betallen.

Rose. O God it pincheth me, what will you doe.

Hans. Your fathers ppresence pincheth not the shoe.

L. Ma. Well done, sit my daughter well, and she shall please
the well.

Hans. Paw, paw, ick weis dat well, for ware tis vn good
skol, tis gi inait van neits leither. se enur mine here.

Enter a Prentise.

L. Ma. I do beleue it, whats the newes with you?

Pren. Please you the Carle of Lincolne at the gate is newly
lighted, and would speake with you.

L. Ma. The Carle of Lincolne come speake with me?

Well, well, I know his errand daughter Rose,
Send hence your Shoomaker, dispatch haue done:
Sib make things handsome, sir boy follow me. *Exit.*

Hans. My father come; O what may this portend?
Sweet Rose, this of our love threatens an end.

Rose. Be not dismaid at this, what ere befall
Rose is thine owne, so witnesse I speake truth,
Where thou appoints the place, He meet with thee;
I will not fire a day to follow thee,
But presently scale hence, doe not reply,
Loue which gave strength to beare my fathers hate,
Shall now adde wings farther our escape. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Maior and Lincolne.

L. Ma. Belieue me on my credit I speake truth,
Since first your Nephew Lacy went to France,
I haue not scene him: It seem'd strange to me,
When Dodger told me that he staid behind,

A pleasant Comedy of

Neglecting the high charge the King imposed.

Lin. Trust me (Sir Roger Okeley) I did thinke
Your counsell had giuen heat to this attempt,
Drawne to it by the lous he beares your Child,
Vere I did hope to find him in your house,
But now I see mine erroz, and confesse
My iudgement wzongd you by conceining so.

L. Ma. Lodge in my house, say you? trust me my Lord,
I loue your Nephew Lacy too too dearely,
So much to wzong his honoz, and he hath done so,
That first gaue him aduice to stay from France.
To witnesse I speake truth, I let you know
How carefull I haue bene to keepe my daughter
Free from all conference o; speech of him,
Not that I scazne your Nephew, but in loue
I beare your honour, least your noble blood,
Should by my meane worth be dishonoured.

Lin. How far the churles tongue wanders from his heart,
Well, well Sir Roger Okeley, I belieue you,
With moze then many thanks so; the kind loue,
So much you seme to beare me: but my Lord,
Let me request your helpe to seeke my Nephew,
Whom if I finde, Ile straight imbarke so; France;
So shall your Rose be free, my thoughts at rest,
And much care dye which now lies in my brest. *Enter Sibill.*

Sibill. Oh Lord, helpe so; Gods sake, my Mistris, Oh my
young Mistris.

L. Ma. Where is thy Mistris? what's become of her?

Sibill. Shee's gone, shees fled.

L. Ma. Gone? whither is she fled?

Sibill. I know not so; sooth, shees fled out of doores with
Hans the Shomaker, I saw them scud, scud, scud, apace, apace.

L. Maior. Which way? what Iohn? where be my men?
which way?

Sibill. I know not and it please your Wozship.

L. Ma. Fled with a Shomaker, can this be true?

Sibill. O Lord sir, as true as Gods in heauen.

Lin. Her loue turnd Shomaker? I am glad of this.

L. Ma. A Flemming butter-bore, a Shomaker.

the Gentle Craft.

Will she forget her birth? requite my care
With such ingratitude? scorn'd the young Hammon,
To loue an honnikin, a needy knaue?
Will let her flye, He not flye after her,
Let her starue if she will, she's none of mine.
Lin. Be not so cruell sir.

Enter Firke with shoes.

Sibill. I am glad she's scapt.

L. Ma. He not account of her as of my Child,
Was there no better obiect for her eyes,
But a soule drunken lubber still-belly,
A Shoomaker, that's bzaue.

Firke. Hea forsooth 'tis a very bzaue shoue, and as fit as a
pudding.

L. Ma. How now, what knaue is this, from whence com-
mest thou?

Firke. Ho bzaue sir, I am Firke the Shoomaker, lusty Ro-
gers chiefe lusty Journeyman, and I come hither to take by
the pretty legge of sweet Mistris Rose, and thus hoping your
worship is in as good health as I was at the making hereof,
I bid you fare well, yours, Firke.

L. Ma. Stay, stay, sir knaue.

Lin. Come hither Shoomaker.

Firke. 'Tis happy the knaue is put before the Shoomaker, or
else I would not haue vouchsafed to come backe to you, I am
moued for I sirre.

L. Ma. My Lord, this villaine calles vs knaues by craft.

Firke. Then 'tis by the Gentle Craft, and to call one knaue
gently is no harme: sit your worship merry: Sib your young
mistris He sa bob them, now my Maister M. Eyre is Lord
Mayor of London.

L. Ma. Tell me sirra, whose man are you?

Firke. I am glad to see your worship so merry, I haue no
matu to this geere, no stomache as yet to a red petticoat.

Peயnting to Sybill.

Lin. He meanes not sir to loue you to his maid,
But onely doth demand whose man you are.

A Pleasant Comedie of

Firke. I sing now to the tune of Rogers, Roger my fellow is now my maister.

Lin. Sirra, knowst thou one Hans a Whomaker?

Fir. Hans Whomaker, oh yes, stay, yes I haue him, I tell you what, I speak it in secret, mistris Rose and he are by this time, no not so, but shortly are to come ouer one another, with Can you dance the shaking of the sheets? it is that Hans, He so gull these diggers.

L. Ma. Knowst thou then where he is?

Firke. Yes sozsooth, yea marry.

Lin. Canst thou in sadnesse?

Firke. No sozsooth, no marry.

L. Ma. Tell me good honest fellow where he is,
And thou shalt see what He bestow of thee,

Firke. Venest fellow, no sir, not so sir, my profession is the Gentle craft, I care not soz saing. I loue saing, let me seele it here, *aurum tenus* ten pieces of gold *gennum tenus*, ten pices of siluer, and then Firke is your man in a new paire of stretchers.

L. Ma. Here is an Angell part of thy reward,
Which I will giue thee, tell me where he is.

Firke. No point, shall I betray mybrother? no, shall I prone Judas to Hans? no: shall I cry treason to my corporation? no, I shall be firkt and yerkt then, but giue me your angell, your angell shall tell you.

Lin. Doe so good fellow, 'tis no hurt to thee.

Firke. Send simpring Sib away.

L. Maior. Buswife get you in.

Firke. Pitchers haue eares and maids haue wide mouthes: but soz Hans praunce. vpon my word to morrow morning hee and young Mistris Rose goe to this gere, they shall be married together by this rush, or else turn Firke to a firkin of butter to tan leather withall.

L. Ma. But art thou sure of this?

Firke. Am I sure that Paules steeple is a handfull higher then London stone? or that the pissing Conduit leaks nothing but pure mother Bunch? am I sure I am lusty Firke? gnailes dos you thinke I am so base to gull you?

Linc.

the Gentle Craft.

Lincolne. Where are they married? dost thou know the Church?

Firke. I neuer goe to Church, but I know the name of it, it is a Swearing Church, say a while, 'tis: I by the mas, no, no tis I by my troth, no no; that, tis I by my faith, that hat tis I by my faiths Church vnder Paules Crosse. there they shall bee knit like a paire of stockings in matrimony, there theyle be in cony.

Lin. Upon my life my Nephew Lacy walks,
In the disguise of this Dutch Shoemaker.

Firke. Yes so;sooth.

Lin. Doth he not houest Shoemaker?

Firke. So so;sooth I thinke Hans is no body but Hans, no spirit.

L. Ma. My mind misgines me now tis so indeed.

Lin. My Cosen speaks the language, knowes the trade.

L. Ma. Let me request your company my Lord,
Your honorable presence may, no doubt,
Refraine their headstrong rashnesse, when my selfe
Going alone, perchance may be azebozne;
Shall I request this sauour?

Lin. This, or what else.

Firke. Then you must rise betimes, for they meane to fall to
their hey passa, and repasse, pindy pany, which hand will you
haue, very early.

L. Ma. My care shall euery way equall their hast,
This night accept your lodging in my house,
The earlier shall we stir, and at Saint Faiths
Preuent this giddy hare-braind Ruptiall,
This trafficke of hot loue shall yeld cold gaines,
They ban our loues and wele so;bid their baines. *Exit.*

Lin. At Saint Faiths Church thou saidst?

Firke. Yes, by their troth.

Linco. Be secret on thy life.

Exit.

Firke. Yes when I kisse your wife, ha, ha, heres no craft
in the Gentle Craft, I came hither of purpose with shoes to
Sir Rogers worshop, whilst Rose his daughter be Cony catcht
by Hans: soft now, these two gullies will be at Saint Faithes

A pleasant Comedy of

Church to morrow morning to take maister Bridegroom, and missis Bride napping, and they in the meane time shall chop vp the matter at the Sauoy: but the best sport is, Sir Roger Odey will finde my fellow lane Raphs wife going to marry a Gentleman: and then heele stop her in stead of his Daughter; O bjaue, there will bee fine tickling sport: soft now, what haue I to doe? O I know, now a messe of Shomakers meat at the wool-sacke in Iuy lane, to rozen my Gentleman of lane Raphs wife, thats true, alacke alacke girles holde out tacks, soz now smother soz this tumbling shall goe to wacke.

Exit.

Enter Eyre, his wife, Hans and Rose.

Eyre. This is the morning then, stay my bully, my honest Hans, is it not?

Hans. This is the morning that must make vs two happy or miserable, therefore if you---

Eyre. Away with these ifs and ands Hans, and these et ceteraes, by mine hono^r Rowland Lacy, none but the King shall wrong thee: come feare nothing, am not I Sim Eyre? Is not Sim Eyre Lord Maior of London? feare nothing Rose, let them all say what they can, dainty come thou to mee, laughest thou?

VVife. Good my Lord stand her friend in what thing you may.

Eyre. Why my sweet Lady Madgy, thinke you Simon Eyre can forget his fine Dutch Journeyman? No bah. Fie I knowe it, it shall neuer bee call in my teeth, that I was vnthankesfull. Lady Madgy, thou hadst neuer couered thy Saracens head with this french flappe, nor laden thy bumme with this sarchingale, tis trash, trumpery, vanitie, Simon Eyre had neuer walkt in a red petticoat, nor wore a chaine of Gold but soz my fine Journeymans Perstignes, and shall I leane him? No: Prince am I none, yet beare a Princely minde.

Hans. Spye Lord 'tis time soz vs to part from hence.

Eyre. Lady Madgy, Lady Madgy, take two or thre of my Pic-crust eaters, my Buffe-ierkin barlets, that doe walke in black gownes at Simon Eyres hailes, take them good Lady
Madgy

the Gentle Craft.

Spagy, trip and goe, my brotne Quene of Perriwigs, with my delicate Rose, and my lolly Rowland to the Banoy, see them linckt, countenance the marriage, and when it is done, cling cling together, you Hambozow Turtle Doves, Ile beare you out, come to Simon Eyre, come dwell with me Hans, thou shalt eat minc'd pies, and marchpane. Rose, away cricket, trip and goe, my Lady Spagy to the Banoy, Hans, wed, and to bed, kisse and away, go vanish.

Wife. Farewell my Lord.

Rose. Make hast sweet loue.

Wife. Whede saine the deed were done.

Hans. Come my swete Rose, faster then Diers wale run.

Exeunt.

Eyre. Goe, vanish, vanish, anaunt I say: by the Lord of Ludgate, it's a mad life to be a Lord Spag, it's a stirring life, a fine life, a velvet life, a carefull life. Well Simon Eyre, yet set a good face on it, in the honoz of Saint Hugh. Soft, the King this day comes to dine with me, to see my new buildings, his majesty is welcome, he shall haue good chere, delicate chere, princely chere. This day my fellow pzentises of London come to dine with me too, they shall haue fine chere, gentle manlike chere. I promised the mad Cappadocians, when we all serued at the Conduit together, that if euer I came to be Spag of London, I would feast them all, and Ile dwt, Ile dwt by the life of Pharaoh, by this beard Sim Eyre will be no sinner. Besides, I haue procured, that vpon euery Whouetuesday at the sound of the Pancake bell: my fine dapper Assyrian lads shall clap by their shop windowes, and away, this is the day, and this day they shall dwt. they shall dwt: boyes, that day are you frs, let maisters care, and pzentises shall pray for Simon Eyre.

Exit.

Enter Hodge, Firke, Rafe, and five or sixe Shoemaker,
all with cudgels, or such weapons.

Hodge. Come Rafe, stand to it Firke: my maisters, as we are the brans bloods of the Shoemakers, beires apparant to Saint Hugh, and perpetuall benefactors to all good fellowes: thou shalt haue no wrong, were Hammon a King of Spades, he should not delue in thy close without thy sufferance: but

tell

A pleasant Comedy of

tell me Rafe, art thou sure tis thy wife ?

Rafe. Am I sure this is Firke? This morning when I strokt on her shooes, I loekt hpon her, and she vpon me, and sighed, askt me if euer I knew one Rafe. Yes said I: for his sake said she (teares, standing in her eyes) and soz thou art somewhat like him, spend this peece of gold: I toke it: my lame leg, and my trauell beyond sea made me vnknozne, all is one for that, I know shes mine.

Firke. Did she giue thee this gold? O glorious glittering gold; shes thine owne, tis thy wife, and she loues thee, for Ile stand too, theres no woman will giue gold to any man, but she thinks better of him than she thinks of them she giues siluer to: and soz Hammon, neither Hammon nor Hangman shall wrong thee in London: Is not our old Paister Eyre Lord Patoz? Speake my hearts.

All. Yes, and Hammon shall know it to his cost.

Enter Hammon his man, and Iane, and others.

Hodg. Peace my bullies, ponder they come.

Rafe. Stand too my hearts, Firke, let me speake first.

Hodge. So Rafe, let me: Hammon, whither away so carely?

Ham. Unmannerly rude slaue, whats that to thee?

Firke. To him sir: yes sir, and to me, and others: good morow Iane, how dost thou? good Lord, how the world is changed with you, God be thanked.

Ham. Villaines, hands off, how dare you touch my loue?

All. Villaines: downe with them, cry clubs for pzentises.

Hod. Hold, my hearts: touch her Hammon: yea and more then that, wele carry her away with vs. My maisters and Gentlemen, neuer draw your bird spits, shoemakers are skale to the back, men euery inch of them, all spirit.

All of Hammon side. Well, and what of all this?

Hod. Ile shew you: Iane, dost thou know this man? tis Rafe I can tell thee: nay, tis he in faith, though he be land by the warres, yet looke not strange, but run to him, fold him about the necke and kisse him.

Iane. LIVES then my husband? oh God let me go, Let me embrace my Rafe.

the Gentle Craft.

Ham. What meanes my lane?

Iane. Say, what meant you to tell me he was slaine?

Ham. Pardon me deare loue for being mislead,

It was rumord here in London thou wert dead.

Firke. Thou seest he liues: Lasse, goe packe home with him:
now M. Hammon, wheres your mistris your wife?

Seru. Swounds M. fight for her, will you thus lose her?

All. Downe with that creature, clubs, downe with him.

Hodg. Hold, hold.

Ham. Hold soe, sirs he shall do no wrong,
Will my lane leaue me thus, and breake her faith?

Firke. Per sir, she must sir, she shall sir, what then? mend it.

Hodg. Heare the fellow Rafe, follow my counsell, let the
wench in the midst, and let her chuse her man, and let her be
his woman.

Iane. Whom should I chuse? whom should my thoughts
But him whom heauen hath made to be my loue, (affect?
Thou art my husband, and these humble wordes,
Makes thee more beautifull then all his wealth,
Therefore I will but put off his attire,
Returning it into the owners hand,
And after euer be thy constant wife.

Hodg. Not a ragge Iane, the law's on our side, he that
sowes in another mans ground forsets his haruest, get thee
home Rafe, follow him Iane, he shall not haue so much as a
buske paynt from thee.

Firke. Stand to that Rafe, the appurtenances are thine
owne, Hammon, looks not at her.

Seru. Swounds no.

Firke. Blew coate be quiet, woele giue you a new liuerie
else, woele make Shroue Tuesday Saint Georges day for
you: looke not Hammon, leare not, Ile Firke you, for thy
head now, one glance, one shewes eye, any thing at her,
touch not a ragge, least I and my brethren beate you to
clothes.

Ser. Come maister Hammon, theres no triuing here.

Ham. Good fellows, here me speake: and honest Rafe,
Whom I haue injured most by louing Iane,

Make

A pleasant Comedy of

Marke what I offer thee: here in faire gold,
Is twenty pound, Ie giue it for thy lane,
If this content thee not, thou shalt haue more.

Hodge. Sell not thy wife Rafe, make her not a whoze.

Ham. Say, wilt thou freely cease thy claime in her,
And let her be my wife?

All. No. do not Rafe.

Rafe. Sirra Hammon Hammon, dost thou thinke a shew-
maker is so base, to be a bawd to his owne wife for commodity
take thy gold, choake with it, were I not lawie, I would make
thee eate thy words.

Firke. A shewmaker sell his flesh and blood, oh indignity!

Hodg. Sirra, take vp your pelfe, and be packing.

Ham. I will not touch one penny, but in lieto,
Of that great wrong I offered thy lane?
To lane and thee I giue that twenty pound,
Since I haue faild of her, during my life,
I bow no woman else shall be my wife:
Farewell good fellowes of the Gentle trade.

Your mornning mirth my mourning day hath made, Exit.

Firke. Touch the gold creature if you dare, y'are best be
trudging: here lane take thou it, now lets home my hearts.

Hodge. Stay, who comes here: lane, on againe with thy
maske.

Enter Lincolne, L. Maior and seruants.

Lin. Ponders the lying varlet mockt vs so.

L. Ma. Come hither sirra,

Firke. I sir, I am sirra, you meane me, doe you not?

Lin. Where is my pephew married?

Firke. Is he married? God giue him toy, I am glad of it:
they haue a faire day, and the signe is in a good Planet, Mars in
Venus.

L. Ma. Villaine, thou toldst me that my daughter Rose,
This morning should be married at Saint Faichs,
We haue watch there these thre houres at the least,
Yet see we no such thing.

Firke. Cruely I am sorry for't. a Wides a pretty thing,

Hodge. Come to the purpose, ponder's the Widge and
Widge,

the Gentle Craft.

Widgrooms you looke for I hope: though you be Lords,
you are not to barre by your authoritie men from women,
are you?

L. Maior. See se my daughter's maskt.

Lin. True, and my Nephew
To hide his guilt, counterfeits him lame.

Firke. Yea truly, God helpe the poore couple they are lame
and blind.

L. Maior. He ease her blindness.

Lin. He his lameness cure.

Firke. I ye downe first, and laugh, my fellow Raph is taken
for Rowland Lacy, and Jane for Spittis Damasko Rose, this is
all my knavery.

L. Ma. What haue I found you minion.

Lin. O bafe wretch,
May hide thy face, the hozroz of thy guilt
Can hardly be washt off: where are thy powers?
What battells haue you made? O yes I see,
Thou foughtst with shame and shame hath conquer'd thee;
This lameness will not serue.

L. Ma. Unmaske your selfe.

Lin. Lead home your daughter.

L. Ma. Take your Nephew hence.

Raph. Hence, swounds, what meane you? are you mad? I
hope you cannot enforce my wife from me, where's Hammon?

L. Ma. Your wife?

Lin. What Hammon?

Raph. Yea my wife, and therefore the proudest of you that
layes hand on her first, He lay my Crutch crosse his pate.

Firke. To him lame Raph here's biane spozt.

Raph. Rose call you her? why her name is Jane, looke here
else doe you know her now?

Lin. Is this your Daughter?

L. Ma. No no: this your Nephew:
My Lord of Lincolne, we are both abus'd,
By this bafe crafty varlet.

Firke. Yea so: sooth no varlet, so: sooth no bafe, so: sooth I am
but meane, no: crafty neither, but of the gentle Craft.

A pleasant Comedy of

L. Ma. Where is my daughter Rose? where is my child?

Lin. Where is my Nephew Lacy married?

Firke. Why here is good lac'd mutton as I promist you.

Lin. Villaine Ile haue thee punished for this wrong.

Firke. Punish the Journeyman villaine, but nat the Journeyman Shomaker. *Enter Dodger.*

Dodger. My Lord, I come to bring you welcome newes,
Your Nephew Lacy, and your Daughter Rose,
Carly this morning wedded at the Daueney,
None being present but the Lady Wapzelle:

Besides I haue among the Officers,

A bold Lord Mayor, hooves to stand in their defence,
Gainst any that shall seek to crosse the match.

Lin. Dares Eyre the Shomaker uphold the dard?

Firke. Yes sir Shomakers dare stand in a womans quarrell
I warrant as deepe as another, and deeper too.

Dod. Besides his Grace to day dines with the Mayor,
Who on his knees humbly intends to fall.
And begge a pardon for your Nephewes fault.

Lin. But Ile puenent him, come Sir Roger Otley,
The King will doe vs Justice in this cause,
How ere their hands haue made them man and wife,
I will disoyne the match, or lose my life. *Exeunt.*

Firke. Adieu Monsieur Dodger, farewell soles, ha, ha.
Oh if they had said I would haue so lamb'd them with flouts:
O heart, my Codpée-point is ready to fire in pées every
time I thinke vpon mistress Rose, but let that passe, as my La-
dy Wapzelle saies.

Hodge. This matter is answerd: come Raph, home with
thy wife, come my fine Shomakers, lets to our masters the
new Lord Mayor, and there swagger this, without Tuesday,
Ile promise you wine enough, for Madge haues the Soller.

All. O rare! Madge is a good wench.

Fir. And Ile promise you meat enough, for supping Susan
haues the Larder, Ile lead you to victualls my brane souldiers,
follow your Captaine, O brane, hark, hark.

All. The Pancake bell rings, the Pancake bell, tri-ill my
hearts.

Firke.

The Gentle Craft

Firke. Oh bzaue, oh sweet bell, Oh delicate Pancakes, open the doze my hearts, and shut vp the winnowies; keepe in the house, let out the Pancakes, oh rare my hearts, lets march together for the honoz of S. Hugh, to the great new hall in Gracious street cozner, which our Maister the new Lord Maior hath built.

Rafe. O the crew of good fellows that will dine at my Lord Maiors cost today.

Hodge. The Lord Mayor is a most bzaue man, how shall Prentises be bound to pray for him and the honoz of the Gentlemen Whomakers: lets feede and be sat with my Lord Maiors bounty.

Firke. O muscull Bell fill; O Hodge. O my brethren: there's chere for the Heauens, venison pasties walke vp and downe piping hot, like Sergeants: Wafe and byelues comes marching in dysettes, fritters and pancakes come trowling in wheles barrowes, hens and ozenges hopping in Porters baskets, collops and egges in scuttles, and tarts and custards comes quauering in malt shouels.

Enter more Prentises.

All. Whoope loke heere.

Hodge. How now my lads whether away so fast?

1. Prent. Whether? why to the great new Hall: know you not why? the Lord Maior hath bidden all the prentises in London to breakefast this morning.

All. Oh bzaue Whomaker, oh bzaue Lord of incomprehensible good fellowship, whoo, hearken you, the Pancake Bell rings, *Cast up cap.*

Firke. May more my hearts, every Whone Tuesday is our yeare of Jubile: and when the Pancake Bell rings, wee are as free as my Lord Mayor, wee may shut vp our shops and make holiday: Ile haue it cal'd Saint Hughes Holiday.

All. Agreed, agreed, Saint Hughes Holiday.

Hodge. And this shall continue for ever.

All. Oh bzaue: come come my hearts, away, away?

Firke. Eternall credit to vs of the Gentle Craft, march
fairs my hearts, oh rare

A pleasant Comedy of

Enter the King and his traine over the stage.

King. Is our Lord Mayor of London such a gallant & Nobleman. One of the merriest madcaps in your Land, Your Grace will thinke when you behold the man, Was rather a wild Russian then a Mayor: Yet thus much I ensure your Majesty, In all his actions that concerne his State, He is as serious poudent and wise, As full of gravity amongst the grave, As any Mayor hath beene these many yeares.

King. I am with child till I behold this huffe-cap, But all my doubt is when we come in presence, His madnesse will be dasht cleane out of countenance.

Noblem. It may be so my Liege.

King. Which to p'suent,
Let some one giue him notice tis our pleasure,
That he put on his wonted merriment:
Get forward. All. On afoze. *Exeunt.*

Enter Eyre, Hodge, Firke Raph, and other Shoemakers, all with napkins on their Shoulders.

Eyre. Come my fine Hodge, my lolly Gentlemen Shoemakers, soft, where be these Caniballes, these varlets my officers, let them all walke and wait vpon my brethren, for my meaning is, that none but Shoemakers, none but the liuery of my Company shall in their sattin hoods wait vpon the trencher of my Soueraigne.

Firke. O my Lord, it will be rare.

Eyre. So moze Firke, come liuely, let your fellow prentises wait no chere: let wine be plentifull as beere, and beere as water, hang these penny pinching fathers, that eate wealth in innocent Lambs skinner, rip knaues, aiant, looke to my guests.

Hodge. My Lord, we are at our wits end for come, those hundred Tables will not feast the fourth part of them.

Eyre. Then couer me those hundred Tables againe and againe, till all my lolly prentises bee feasted: anoth Hodge, runne Raph, scisse about my nimble Firke, *carole me*

the Gentle Craft.

some healths to the honoz of Shoemakers, doe they drinke lively Hodge? doe they tickle it Firke?

Fir. Tickle it? some of them haue taken their liquoz standing so long, that they can stand no longer: but for meat they would eat it and they had it.

Eyre. Want they meate? wher's this swag-belly, this greasie kitching Tuffe cooke, call the varlet to me: want meat? Firke Hodge, lame Raph runne my tall men, belraguer the Shambles beger all Call cheape, scrue mee whole Oxen in Chargers: and let Sheepe whine upon the Table like Pigs, for want of goodfellowes to eat them. Want meat, vanish Firke, auant Hodge.

Hodge. Your Lordship mistakes my man Firke, hee means their bellies want meat not the words, for they haue drinke so much they can eat nothing,

Enter Hans, Rose and wife.

Wife. Where is my Lord?

Eyre. How now Lady Madgy.

Wife. The Kings most excellent Maiesty is new come, he sends me for thy honoz, one of his most worshipfull Pæres bid me tell thou must be merry and so forth: but let that passe.

Eyre. Is my Soueraigns come? vanish my tall Shoemakers, my nimble brethren, looke to my guests the prentises: yet stay a little, how now Hans, how looks my little Rose?

Hans. Let me request you to remember me,
I know your honoz easily may obtaine,
Free pardon of the King for me and Rose,
And reconcile me to thy Tinkles grace.

Eyre. Haue done my good Hans, my honoff journeyman, loke cheerily, He fall upon both my knees till they be as hard as home, but He get thy pardon.

Wife. Good my Lord haue a care what you speake to his Grace.

Eyre. Away you Illington Whitepot, hence you hopper arse, you Barley pudding full of maggots, you bryld Carbo-nado, auant, auant, auoyd Apephistophikus: shall Sim. Eyre learne to speake of you Lady Madgy? vanish Mother Miniver Cap, vanish, goe, trip and goe, meddle with your platters and

A pleasant Comedy of

your pisberp pasherp, your steeves and your Whirligigs, gee,
rub out of mine alley: Sim Eyre knowes how to speake to a
Dope, to Sultan Somliman, to Tamberlaine and he were here:
and shall I melt, shall I dooape befoze my Soueraigne: no,
come my Lady Madgy, follow me Hans, about your buff-
nesse my frolicke frabooters: Firke, friske about, and about
and about so; the Honor of mad Simon Eyre Lord Spaior of
London.

Firke. Hey for the honour of Shomaker. *Exeunt.*
Along flourish or two, enter the King, Nobles, Eyre, his Wife, Lacy
Rose: Lacy and Rose kneele.

King. Well Lacy, though the fact was very foule,
Of your reuolting from our Kingly loue,
And your owne duty, yet we pardon you,
Wife both, and Mistris Lacy, thanke my Lord Spaior
for your young Bridegrome here.

Eyre. So my deare Liege, Sim Eyre and my brethren the
Gentlemen Shomakers shall set your swet Maiesties image,
chicke by iole by Saint Hugh, for this honour you haue done
poore Simon Eyre. I beseech your Grace pardon my rude be-
hauour, I am a handicrafts man, yet my heart is without
craft, I would be sorry at my soule that my boldnesse should
offend my King.

King. Nay, I pray the god Lord Spaior, be euen as merry
as if thou wert among thy Shomakers,
It does me good to see thee in this humour.

Eyre. Sayst thou me so my swet Dioclesian? then hump,
Prince am I none, yet am I Princely borne, by the Lord of
Ludgate my Liege. He be as merry as a pie.

King. Tell me in faith mad Eyre, how old thou art.

Eyre. My Liege, a very boy, a stripling, a yonger, you
see not a white haire on my head, not a gray in this beard,
euery haire I assure thy Maiesty that stikes in this beard,
Sim Eyre dales at the King of Babilons ransom: Tamar
Cherns beard was a rubbing brush to't, yet He shant
it off, and kusse tennis balles with it to please my bully
King.

King. But all this while I doe not know your age.

Eyre.

the Gentle Craft.

Eyre. My Lige, I am fire and fifty yeare olde, yet I can
crye humpe, with a sound heart, for the honour of W. Hugh:
marke this old wench my Ring. I daunc't the shaking of the
Shirts with her fire and thirtie yeares agoe, and yet I hope to
get two or three Lord Maiors ere I die: I am lusty still, Sir
Eyre still care and cold lodging brings white haire. My sweet
Maistry, let care banish, cast it vpon thy Nobles, it will make
thee looke alwayes young like Apollo, and crye humpe: Prince
am I none, yet am I princely bozne.

King. Ha, ha, say Cornewall, didst thou euer see his like?
Noblem. Not I my Lord.

Enter Lincolne and Lord Mayor.

King. Lincolne what newes with you?

Lin. My gracious Lord haue care vnto your selfe,
For there are Traitors here.

All. Traitors where? who?

Eyre. Traitors in my house? God forbid, where be my Offi-
cers? He spend my soule ere my King seele harme.

King. Where is the Traitor Lincolne?

Lin. Heere he stands.

King. Cornwall, lay hands on Lacy: Lincolne speake,
What canst thou lay vnto thy Seyhelwes charge?

Lin. This my deare Liege, your Grace to doe me honour,
Deapt on the head of this degenerous boy,
Desertlesse fauours, you made choyce of him,
To be Commander ouer powers in France,
But he:

King. God Lincolne, prethee pause a while,
When in thine eyes I read what thou wouldst speake,
I know how Lacy did neglect our loue,
Ran himselfe dæpely (in the highest degree)
Into vile treason.

Lin. Is he not a traytor?

King. Lincolne, he was; now haue we pardoned him,
It was not a base want of true valours fire
That held him out of France, but loues desire.

Lin. I will not beare his shame vpon my backe.

King.

A Pleasant Comedie of

King, For shalt thou Lincolne, I forgive you both.
 Lin. Then good my Liege forbid the boy to wed,
 One whose meane birth will much disgrace his bed.

King. Are they not married?

Linc. No my Liege.

Both. We are.

Kin. Shall I divorce them then? O be it farre,
 That any hand on earth should dare untye,
 The sacred knot knit by Gods Matrespy;
 I would not for my Crowns disloyne their hands,
 That are consoyn'd in holy nuptiall bands:

How sayst thou Lacy, wouldst thou loose thy Rose?

Hans. Not for all Indians wealth, my Soueraigne.

King. But Rose I'me sure her Lacy would forgoe.

Rose. If Rose were askt that question shee'd say no.

Kin. You heare then Lincolne.

Linc. Yea my Liege I doe.

Kin. And canst thou finde in heart to part these two?
 Who sekes besides you to divorce these lovers?

L. Ma. I doe (my gracious Lord) I am her father.

Kin. Sir Roger Otley, our last Palor I thinke.

Nob. The same my Liege.

Kin. Would you offend Lones lawes?

Well, you shall haue your wills; you sued to me

To prohibite the match: Soft, let me see,

You both are married, Lacy are thou not?

Hans. I am dead Soueraigne.

Kin. Then vpon thy life,

I charge thee not to call this woman wife.

L. Ma. I thanke your Grace.

Rose. O my most gracious Lord. *kneele.*

Kin. Nay Rose neuer kneele me, I tell you true,
 Although as yet I am a Batchelor,
 Yet I beleene I shall not marry you.

Rose. Can you deuide the body from the soule,
 Yet make the body liue?

Kin. Yea so profound?

I cannot Rose, but you I must diuide,

the Gentle Craft.

Faire maid this Bridegrome cannot be your Bride,
Are you pleas'd Lincolne: Oley, are you pleas'd?

Both. Yes my Lord.

King. Then must my heart be eas'd,
For credit me my Conscience lins in paine,
Till these whom I dinor'd be toynd againe:
Lacy giue me thy hand, Rose, lend me thine,
Be what you would be: kisse now; so, thats fine,
At night (Lovers) to bed: now let me see,
Which of you all mislikes this harmony?

L. Ma. Will you then take from me my child perforce?

King. Why tell me Oley shines not Lacies name,
As bright in the worlds eye, as the gay beames
Of any Cittizen.

Lin. Yes but my gracious Lord,
I doe mislike the match farre more then he,
Her blood is too too base.

Kin. Lincolne no more,
Dost thou not know, that loue respects no blood:
Cares not for difference of birth or state,
The maid is young, well borne, faire, vertuous,
A worthy bride for any Gentleman:
Besides your Nephew for her sake did swepe
To bare necessity; and as I heare,
Forgetting honours and all courtly pleasures,
To gaine her loue became a Whoremaker:
As for the honour which he lost in France,
Thus I redeme it: Lacy knale that downe;
Arise Sir Rowland Lacy: tell me now,
Tell me in earnest Oley canst thou chide?
Saying thy Rose a Lady and a Bride.

L. Ma. I am content with what your grace hath done.

Lin. And I my Liege since there's no remedy.

Kin. Come on then, all shake hands, Ile haue you friends,
Where there is much loue, all discorde ends:
What sayes my mad Lord Mayo: to all this loue?

Eyre. O my Liege, this honour you haue done to my fine
Journeyman here, Rowland Lacy, and all these fauour which
you

A pleasant Comedy of

you haue shewne to me this day in my poore house, will make Simon Eyre liue longer by one dozen of warme Summers more then he should.

Kin. May my mad Lord Mayor, (that shall be thy name) If any grace of mine can length thy life : One honoꝝ more Ile doe thee, that new building, Which at thy cost in Cornhill is erected, Shall take a name from vs, wele haue it calld, The Leaden Hall, because in digging it, You found the lead that couereth the same.

Eyre. I thanke your Maiesty.

Wife. God blesse your Grace,

Kin. Lincolns, a word with you.

Enter Hodge, Firke, and more Shoemakers.

Eyre. How now my mad knaues? Peace, speake softly, ponder is the Ring.

Kin. With the old troope which there we keepe in pay, We will incorporate a new supply : Before one Summer more passe oze my head, France shall repent England was iniured, What are those ?

Hans. All Shoemakers my Liege, Sometimes my fellows, in their companies, I liud as merry as an Emperoꝝ.

Kin. My mad Lord Mayor, are all these Shoemakers?

Eyre. All Shoemakers my Liege, all Gentlemen of the Gentle Craft, true Trojans, couragious Cordwainers, they all kneele to the Shrine of holy Saint Hugh.

All. God saue your Maiesty.

Kin. Mad Simon, would they any thing with vs ?

Eyre. Hum mad knaues not a word, Ile do't, I warrant you. They are all Beggars my Liege. all for themselves and I for them all, on both my knees doe intreate, that for the honour of poore Simon Eyre, and the good of his Brethren these mad knaues. your Grace would vouchsafe some priuiledge to my new Leaden-hall, that it may be lawfull for vs to buy and sell Leather there two dayes in a weeke.

Kin. Mad Sim, I grant your sute, you shall haue Patent

the Gentle Craft.

To hold two Market dayes in Leaden-Hall,
Mondayes and Fridayes, those shall be the times :
Will this content you ?

All. Iesus blesse your Grace.

Eyre. In the name of these my poore brethren Shoemakers,
I most humbly thanke your Grace. But before I rise, seeing
you are in the giuing beine, and wee in the begging, grant
Sim. Eyre one boone moze.

Kin. What is it my Lord Mayor,

Eyre. Touchsafe to tast of a poore Banquet, thats sweetly
waiting for your sweet presence.

King. I shall vndoe thee Eyre, onely with this
Already haue I bene too troublesome,
Say, haue I not ?

Eyre. O my dære King, Sim Eyre cannot thinke so; vpon a
day of Shrouing which I prouise to all the merry Pzentises
of London : for an't please you when I was pzentise :

I bare the water-tankerd, and my coat
Sits not a whit the worse vppon my back :
And then vppon a morning, some mad boyes
(It was Shroue-tuesday, euen as tis now)

Came me my Breakfast, and I swoze then by the Skopple of
my Tankerd, if euer I came to be Lord Mayor of London, I
would feast the Pzentises. This day my Liege I did it, and
the slaues had an hundred Tables fine times couered, they are
gone home and banisht.

Yet adde moze glozy to the Gentle Trade,
Tast of Eyres Banquet, Simons happy made.

Kin. I will tast of thy Banquet, and will say,
I haue not met moze pleasure on a day;
Friends of the Gentle Craft, thanks to you all,
Thanks my kind Lady Mayresse for our chære :
Come Lords a while lets reuell it at home.
When all our woords and banquettings are done,
We must right wrongs which Frenchmen haue begun.

FINIS.